



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

MR. FRANK SPENCE has announced himself as a candidate for the mayoralty, and has published a very lengthy address to justify his position. It is likely that Mr. Spence will be judged by his conduct as a member of the Board of Control during the past year rather than by what he tells the electors he is liable to do if he gets a chance. The average man can write an address or get one written for him, which will sound sweet and timely in the ears of a tax-ridden city. We have had addresses of this sort without number, and without any good results. Fortunately for Mr. Spence, we have another and much better standard to judge him by. His swiftness of conception and action has done much to rescue the civic year which by mischance was given into the care of an utterly incompetent and improper person, from being the disastrous epoch which I, for one, expected it would be. Mr. Spence is not an ideal candidate, but we may as well dismiss the dream of ever having an ideal candidate. Since the time that Alexander Manning was last Mayor we have had no man as our chief executive who has had a financial interest in the town except as a place to make a livelihood. Probably this latter stake, after all, is as great as being the possessor of real estate and stocks and bonds. The man who has nothing is probably just as good a man as the man who has much, and it is not unlikely that those who are forced to qualify for the position in the dubious and customary way may work harder for the people than those who have such large interests that every suggestion of progressive movements causes an agony in their pockets.

Like his predecessor, Mr. Spence is a temperance man. Too frequently this one virtue supplies the place of many others which are lacking, but if Mr. Spence is chosen as chief magistrate of Toronto it will be in spite of the one-eyed view of life which brought him into prominence. Fortunately he has demonstrated the fact that he has other attractions than the mere cold water habit. At a critical time in the city's history he showed his ability to be Mayor by preventing a person who had no ability for the mayoralty position, from getting us all into trouble. He is the one man in the bunch of candidates who deserves the position for which he is applying, and he is the only man in the lot who, in the City Council and the Board of Control, has shown himself conspicuously as a man able to handle public affairs as they should be handled. The responsibilities of the position to which I feel sure he will be elected will divest him of many of his demagogic ideas, and there is nothing to prevent him from achieving such prominence as will from this time forward keep him in public sight, without the further use of the methods he employed to originally place himself before the public eye. Had he been untired, had he not demonstrated his ability and usefulness, many of those who will support him would have been slow to entrust such great concerns in the hands of one who, prior to 1900, was considered as little better than a fakir. Public life and the strain which comes upon a man who chooses to become the object of public criticism, frequently bring an office-holder up to a standard which no one ever expected that he could reach. This is true of Frank Spence. It is not true of the present incumbent of the office; it is not true of John Shaw; it is not true of Mr. O. A. Howland; and it seems to me there is nothing left for the public to do but to choose a man whose record has been as particularly brilliant as it was unexpected. We can only judge by what we know. Of Mr. Spence we have some knowledge now which entitles him to public confidence. This knowledge, it seems to me, reaches the point where we can hope that in the Mayor's chair Mr. Frank Spence will not be the temperance faddist, but the man who has felt his feet touch the solid ground and will act to such an extent in his own interests as will embody the interests of the people.

THE poorest thing that was ever put in the Mayor's chair in Toronto seems to have had the most exalted idea of his own importance. The present incumbent, after obtaining a position which he had vainly sought for years, and which he only obtained because of a temporary mental aberration on the part of the citizens, has from the beginning esteemed himself above rebuke and untrammelled by the written and unwritten laws which have generally governed the chief executives of this city. Time and again he has asserted his right to act without advice and to assume responsibilities which no other Mayor has felt himself warranted to undertake. Such lofty attitudes have been assumed that we have no reason to be surprised that, without consulting with the Council, the Mayor asked for a pardon for a malefactor who, for some reason or other, appealed to his clemency.

There is one kind of a Mayor that we certainly do not want in this city, and that is the man who thinks that he is the entire municipal push. The man to whom the office is entrusted should be the mouthpiece of the people, not the arbitrary and unlicensed egotist who thinks he has a right within himself to give expression to the voice of the town. There has, perhaps, never been a Mayor who was to such an extent alienated from public sympathy or support, or who was as far removed from being the representative of public opinion, yet we have never had one who to such a great extent usurped the prerogatives which belong to the Council and to the citizens alone.

A MASS meeting of women was held in Philadelphia recently to make a protest against polygamy. It was under the auspices of the International Council of Women, of which Miss Helen Gould is vice-president. Dr. S. J. Elliott, an Episcopal deaconess, amongst other things said: "Polygamy is spreading with Mormonism. It is not confined to Utah, but exists in Idaho, New Mexico, Arizona, Wyoming, Nevada, and Colorado. If four more States are added to the nine in which Mormons already have political power, it will be impossible to legislate against them."

Of course, amidst much speech-making, resolutions were adopted urging Congress to prohibit polygamy and make its practice punishable by disfranchisement. No meeting nowadays is complete without resolutions which seem to satisfy those present that everything possible has been done. Scientific writers who deal with social questions almost invariably, as far as I have read—and I have heard of no disagreement—tell us that man is not naturally a monogamous animal. The Bible tells us that polygamy was practiced and approved of amongst the chosen people of God for centuries before Christ. The wise and good men of that time not only seem to have had wives by the score and hundred, but even seem to have had numerous concubines as well. The Christian era put an end to this sort of thing, or is supposed to have done so. We are told nowhere that the Christian era changed the nature of the sons of Adam except in the instances of genuine converts, who not only renounced polygamy, but property and life itself, to follow Christ. We cannot presume that this was general. Looking about the world today, we cannot see signs of any great change of man's animal nature from the days of Adam and Eve. Civilization with its laws, and Christianity with its teachings, have done much

to change the social life of mankind, but nothing can materially change the original nature of the human being. Without the slightest doubt monogamy is the proper system, and polygamy, with the social standards we have set up, is abhorrent to the laws and culture of the age; yet in the United States, where divorces in some States are almost as numerous as the marriages, a perhaps worse system than polygamy has been established. As I pointed out in an article last week, statistics show that the one-wife system does not work out, even in Ontario, as regards the increase of population and the prevention of crime. I do not contend that an increase of the birth-rate is necessarily a good thing; I am only asking a question, and certainly not defending polygamy. Has that animal known as man been able to somersault from the period before Christ into the period after Christ, so changed in his tendencies as to make the present system of marrying and giving in marriage an absolutely settled and safe finality?

That Mormonism, with its polygamous teachings, has always been so popular and attractive wherever the preaching of its doctrines has been permitted, inasmuch as not only men, but women, have eagerly seized upon it, indicates that the polygamous instinct is by no means dead. If we were able to examine into the condition of affairs throughout the Christian world we would perhaps agree with the preacher who said the other day that immorality was almost as prevalent amongst married as unmarried men. Without doubt the world is growing into the new system of one husband and

the belief of some of these young people that because they are mounted on a fifty-dollar wheel they are given a right of way at crowded crossings and in narrow alleys. If they want to ride a bicycle, let them ride it with care and observe a becoming appreciation of the rights of those who are on foot. In getting out of a car or passing behind a car, the ordinary business man, who has plenty to think about without forever bearing in mind the danger of a \$2.50 per week messenger knocking him over, must studiously conform to the speed and tricks of boys and youths who are apparently neither checked by the police nor by their own sense of what is right. The cold and stormy season of the year which we are passing through seems to make bicyclists less observant and careful than they were even when the wheeled things went past the crossings and surrounded the cars like great big swarms of human mosquitoes. It is evident that the out-of-season bicyclist is more dangerous than any other, and the police should look after him.

WE are having our annual attacks of clericals who demand that the Bible shall be read and taught in the Public schools. A few days ago a delegation of ecclesiastics of high degree and of assorted creeds waited upon Premier Ross to demand the use of the Bible in the schools. The reply of the Premier was timely and to the point as far as he went. He pointed out that those engaged in teaching religion to the scholars would necessarily give a denominational tinge to the instruction. We all



THE TWENTIETH-CENTURY WOMAN.

Her Nineteenth-Century Sisters Drink a Toast to Her.

one wife, but we may be sure that it has not yet purged itself from its old tendencies. The statistics that Miss Elliott gives of the growth of polygamy in the Western States and Territories, where usually the masculine population exceeds the number of women, and where without doubt chivalric treatment of women is more marked than it is in the East, are also of surprising import, for the Mormons seem to be able to get numerous wives, while a great many men are able to get none. Yet women naturally enough are the most strenuous opponents of polygamy, and I do not wonder at it, for if I were a woman I would rather stay single than have but a section of a husband.

It must be remembered, however, that the woman of today is not the woman of the Old Testament; she is independent, and socially occupies an equal, if not a superior, position to her husband. I shall not argue whether this is right or not; I am only speaking of the natural man and the natural woman, not of the artificial man or the woman who is what she is by reason of culture and a separation more or less great from the woman of ancient history, and it appears that she is becoming every day less inclined to share either a monogamous or polygamous household. I am only sorry that the ladies assembled in Philadelphia did not go deeper into this subject and give us some idea of how this problem is going to work out. We have some six thousand years of history to draw our conclusions from, and whether the entanglement be polygamy or more modern sins, I think we must all confess that the matrimonial problem, either from a spiritual, ethical or natural standpoint, has not yet been quite settled.

THE recent killing of Mr. Hugh Caldwell by a bicyclist should be a solemn warning not only to those who ride a wheel, but to the police, who are supposed to keep reckless wheelmen in subjection. I have the misfortune to be lame and somewhat slow of gait, and every day I hear one or more of these rushing things whistle at me as if I were a dog and expected to jump out of the road. Even the rapidity of the age in which we live does not justify

know that this would give offence, and the bishops and leading men who were making the demand also know it. I imagine the majority of them would like to see our Public school system destroyed and denominational schools take the place of what we now have. Those who preach in mortgaged churches which are exempt from taxation are never business-like in their methods. They never reckon what a thing costs; they only figure out what they get. If the Ontario Government desires to get into trouble, it cannot adopt a swifter or more certain method than by asking irreligious teachers to teach religion. If all the preachers and bishops and reverend principals, etc., find themselves unable to do the work for which they were ordained, and for which they are being paid, they should resign. This is the only compromise that is available, for the Government, either Provincial or Dominion, cannot assume the tasks for which these people feel themselves unable. There is nothing in the Christian life of to-day which is so discouraging to those who take life seriously and presume that we have come as near doing all that can be done by the Public school system as is possible, as the continual clamor of the tax-farmer to have a part of his task assumed by those who are neither spiritually nor educationally fit to undertake the teaching of religion. Religion as taught in a secular school is a farce; and when we see the leaders of our spiritual organizations clamoring to have a share of their work done by those who are not spiritually minded nor specially trained, we might almost give up in despair as to the sincerity of any of it which has to look to these high priests as its fountainhead.

IT would be a good scheme if some of the county judges took the clergymen in the county towns into their confidence. We have had Judge Hughes, of St. Thomas, and Judge McIntyre, of Lindsay, preaching marvellous sermons regarding the improprieties of life which they have observed while sitting in judgment upon those who come before them. Probably the judges are right, but we would be loath to believe that we must look to them for information and correction regarding the general

phases of morality. Factories, Judge McIntyre says, "are a hell on earth." Now we are always likely to have factories, and it is very unlikely that there will ever be a time when girls will not work in them. Judges, by addressing a jury, cannot correct the terrible things which are said to exist. Are we coming to the point where the judges are to teach us morals and the schoolmasters religion? If so, where does the parson come in? Every step that we take in our civilization apparently hands to the secular authorities a greater share of that watchfulness and corrective force which once belonged to our spiritual advisers. Taken in conjunction with the plea that religion shall be taught in the schools, the whole business looks very much as if our spiritual fathers had abandoned the task of saving souls and were presenting the moral requisites of the community to government and municipal employees. If this is the case, it would be well to divert the salary and taxes enjoyed by the gentlemen of the pulpit to the schoolmasters and judges. Morality should be taught, and is being taught, and if we are only to judge of the ineffectual nature of the teaching by the complaints of those who are expected to attend to this business, by addresses to juries, and the denunciatory remarks of the judges who find that it is not being attended to, we cannot be very hopeful.

IT has never been discussed, as far as I know, whether the city heart is gentler than the heart which has been developed in the country amidst all the beauties and gentle things of nature. I am, however, inclined to think that the city heart is the gentler of the two. Perhaps money comes more easily to the city folk; it may be that they have more clothing which has gone out of style, and more food which has been so broken as to be unfit for the table, but as far as my observation goes I would rather ask alms in the city than in the country. In rural districts people are apt to become narrow, and have nothing to offer except to their relatives and near friends. In the city the mood of the giver may have much to do with it, but there is a general tendency amongst the prosperous to lift the unfortunate over the hill as far as a dime or a quarter, or something to eat or something to wear, will accomplish that considerable task. Country people are suspicious. Nature makes everybody suspicious; nature is the cruellest thing that we know! Nature would freeze us, burn us, let us die of hunger, thirst, weariness, anything. I do not worship her. In the never varying truthfulness of nature we find the hardest taskmaster there is. In the city we have an easy-going habit of giving which is perhaps morally worse than withholding. All sorts of institutions flourish in the city for the amelioration of the condition of the aged, infirm, sick, and helpless. In the country, people are apt to be satisfied with going to the meeting-house or church, or whatever they call it, once or twice on Sunday, and having family prayers morning and evening. Usually the mendicant has poor luck at the doors of such households.

An instance of this sort of thing comes to hand in the case of Patrick Ryan. He had lived in Proton township for six and twenty years, and was not of ill-repute. When he fell from a fence and broke his back he was discovered to be without means or friends, and in a law-observing and Sabbath-keeping township he was cast into prison instead of being cared for by his neighbors. In the jail he died, ministered to by the malefactors who inhabited the same public institution as himself. By law he had every right to be taken care of in a proper manner, yet the reeve, the township and the township councillors, and all those who constitute the authorities, either were not notified, or, having heard of the mishap, silently contributed to the poor man's degradation and sorrowful death. I have often admired the frugality and care with which township accounts are kept, but it appears that this sort of thing can go too far. Those country people who have homes, and at morning and evening gaze at the sky to see whether Providence is likely to be kindly disposed towards their crops, seem to be the last to be gentle to the unfortunates, or even just to those who, by the right of habitation, neighborliness and old age, have the first call upon their bounty or upon even the niggardly tax rate which is almost the best that a rural community ever puts up for those who cannot help themselves.

Perhaps it ill behooves city people to criticize such conduct while our own Toronto jail is thronged with those who should be cared for in a different manner. Yet we cannot but remember that Toronto is also well equipped with charitable institutions maintained by those who do not look at the sky hoping for rain, nor watch the sunset for fear of frosts. It seems to be a pity that nearness to nature does not make us kind, and that even an artificial life such as city people lead finds more avenues of kindness to the unfortunate than are found where God giveth everything and markets are the only toll-gates which men control.

LAST week I noticed that "Lady Gay" has had some controversy with regard to an article which appeared under "Things in General," regarding afternoon teas and those dinners which are so dreadfully tiresome. The gentleman who wrote the letter which was published has perhaps a better right than any other man in Toronto to state his views, and to ask for some reasonable revision of what appears to be the social code in these matters. When I was younger and could digest the sort of things supplied at public dinners, I used to attend them, but now the very thought of going to one of those "feeds" where one has to eat many things which are not within the dietary prescribed for gouty people, or to play with one's knife and fork in the expectation of something digestible in the next course, causes me to avoid them as I would sunstroke. It may be that a dinner of this sort puts one in a proper humor to welcome a returning townsman or to speed some friend upon a mission or bid him farewell when he changes his residence, but it seems to me not impossible that we could devise some other method of being friendly to those to whom we desire to show some attention. Those who can afford high-priced banquets may be presumed to belong to the class who have fairly good dinners at home, and it is a reasonable question to ask why a man should be taken away from the dinner which he likes, to partake of the dinner which has been prepared for three or four hundred people without regard to the tastes of any individual. As to the after-dinner speeches, as a rule they are wearisome beyond expression. Probably one good speaker or two may be present and deliver an address worth hearing. As an offset to these, however, are the many bad speeches, the drivelling, tiresome repetitions of things that have been said, and will be said world without end. In spite of all the letters which have been written to "Lady Gay," who for some reason has been made responsible for the article, I endorse every word that was said, and believe that we should have some re-organization of our system of entertaining. It may be quite true that at "spreads" congenial spirits may get away in a corner and have a good time, but this could happen at an auction sale or a funeral. The old-fashioned notion of getting a few people together who

can be pleasing to one another is, after all, the true idea of hospitality.

THE British reverses in the Transvaal, it is to be hoped, have convinced those in charge of the war that mild methods will never settle the trouble. Of course there are always those at home and abroad who criticize with bitterness and great unfairness all drastic measures, yet General Kitchener, it seems to me, would be justified in doing in the hostile districts of the South African Republics what Sherman did on his march to the sea. When he started on that memorable march, he said that a crow which crossed the path that he left behind him would have to carry its rations with it. The devastated path of Sherman's army had much to do with concluding the Civil War in the United States, and, cruel as it was thought at the time, it was more merciful than a prolonged agony would have been.

LADIES of Canada, are you aware that the decennial trial of feminine veracity is about to take place? The census enumerator, who will ask you your age, will soon be at the door. Every ten years the Government of these confederated provinces finds it necessary to obtain the facts with regard to several things, including the population and the ages of the ladies who are fond of concealing even the approximate figures from their friends. To a masculine mind the question "How old are you?" brings no terror, but the comic papers have so long made a jest of feminine reticence on this point that one cannot help wondering if there isn't some truth at the bottom of the joke.

A scientist has defined the six original or root jokes from which all our modern jokes are descended, as consisting of the elderly lady's age joke, the mother-in-law joke, the drunken husband coming home late, the old gentleman with explosive fireworks in his coat-pocket on a celebration day, the pail of whitewash upset over an innocent passer-by, or the cucumber-frame smashed by his fall, and the baby left with the bachelor in the train. None of us can fail to locate a number of instances of women who not only conceal the facts with regard to their age, but insist upon being treated as more youthful than they are. The deception is harmless and generally very ineffectual, for in every little social circle there is someone with an almanac or a memory, and this someone always insists upon disseminating useful information with regard to when and under what circumstances all his or her acquaintances were born. Why people should desire to be considered younger than they really are, passes my comprehension. It is perfectly natural for boys and girls who desire to be considered men and women to cultivate habits of mannerisms intended to pass as certificates of graduation from childhood. They haven't sense enough to know that they will be old soon enough, and will long for the youth which in adolescence they are so anxious to abandon. When it comes to the old beau who dyes his hair and whisks and objects to having someone help him put on his overcoat, or when we consider the lilies of the feminine field, how they grow older and would still like to be thought to be just in bloom, we get next to a proposition which is more or less funny. Of course it is perfectly proper for everyone to look as young as they can and feel as young as they can, but they ought to be proud to look and feel young in spite of their age, rather than pretend to be young in spite of their looks.

No doubt the writers of sonnets and romances have had much to do with this general desire of womankind to be considered as just emerging from their teens when they are in fact climbing up the hill of the forties. I am no admirer of love verses, which are generally addressed to someone with a sylph-like form and melting eyes and golden hair. These heroines of the poet and romancer until a few years ago were always in their teens. Probably the more mature would not listen to such trash or read it, but the fact that an ideal woman never got to be more than twenty-five years old had much to do with fixing that age as the boundary post between beauty and fading charms. Of course it is nonsense to ask anyone to think that every woman past twenty-five is helplessly on the wane, and beyond all hope of giving or receiving the passionate love of which novelists write so much. This has been recognized by all the writers of the past decade, and the most charming stories have had as their heroines women of sense, mature judgment, and that capacity for a life-long attachment which seldom belongs to a girl. It is true, as a writer has recently put it, "The world no longer allows that the seventy years of woman on earth are to be reckoned up as fifteen years of childhood, ten years of love, and the rest—a mere postscript."

Notwithstanding that the fashion has changed, women still cling to secretiveness with regard to their ages, and they doubtless know their business better than we men can teach it to them. Probably it would be a great disadvantage to a bright, fresh-looking woman to be known as thirty if she only looks to be twenty-two, and it is quite likely, as we tell the truth in so few things, that if a woman owned up to being thirty she would be considered thirty-five, with occasional dark hints that she was over forty—though well preserved. Socially, as well as commercially, there is always a considerable discount taken from the admissions of those who have anything at stake, and as this will continue until the world contains no ladies of uncertain age, concealment, and even fibs, will be its accompaniment. Nevertheless, all the trouble taken to appear or be thought anything but what one is, seems to be a much ado about nothing.

Social and Personal.

Toronto has added another to her list of splendid banquets in that tendered to Colonel Otter on Thursday evening, at which the First Gentleman in Canada and the various regiments, clubs, and social organizations assembled to do honor individually and particularly to the brave man and good soldier who has so well upheld the honor and prestige of Canada in South Africa, as he formerly did in two lesser campaigns nearer home. Lord Minto brought his guest, Mr. Malcolm, M.P., from England, Mr. Sladen, and Captain Bell in attendance. Hon. William Mulock, Postmaster-General of Canada; Hon. G. W. Ross, Premier of Ontario, various military men of high degree,



CAPT. M. DONNELL.

LIEUT. TEMPLE.

not, however, including General O'Grady-Haly, who is suffering from bronchitis, were present. The band of the Queen's Own Rifles discoursed sweet music, being selected in compliment to the ex-member of the regiment, Colonel Otter, to supply that very desirable adjunct to a successful banquet. The scheme of decoration was eminently fine, the decorators sparing no expense, and what statuary, bunting, mottoes and medallions, electric radiance and flowers could do, was done. A statue of Her Imperial Majesty the Queen-Emress, about whom Colonel Otter has been telling us pleasant things, and from whom he received so much consideration, stood guardian angel over the distinguished array of guests at the table of honor

upon the stage. A medallion of Colonel Otter was also in position there. Medallions of the generals whose names and fame are as household words to us since the outbreak of this war, were adorning the pillars and facade of the galleries where every usual seat and over a hundred extra ones were filled with Toronto's fairest women in brilliant gowns, and full of happy enthusiasm over our returned warriors. Strict etiquette demands, I believe, that the officers wear full dress uniforms when the Governor-General is present in his official dignity, but His Excellency graciously gave permission to the officers to wear the more comfortable mess uniform at the dinner on Thursday. The committee which made such a success of the banquet was enormously large, and its meetings broke the record for attendance and interest. One does not see twenty-five or thirty members turn out for committee meetings as a general thing. Colonel Mason was chairman, and worked like a Trojan, ably seconded by the other colonels, who are all warm friends of the guest of honor. The menu cards were things of beauty, gotten up by Donald Bain & Co., designed by clever Mr. Howard, and arranged by a committee, Messrs.



COL. WILLIAM DILLON OTTER.

Frank Darling, Wyly Grier, and J. Castell Hopkins. The Royal coat of arms and the Canadian coat of arms adorned the face of the cover, and lots of little excerpts from the lead of complimentary remarks made by great people from Her Most Gracious Majesty down, were arranged within. The names of the officers who went to fight the Empire's battles were on the menu, and the names of the battles they fought were all about the banquet hall. The toasts were few, the first three, the Queen, the Governor-General and the guest of the evening, being proposed by the chairman. Another toast, The Empire and its Brave Defenders, was proposed by the Postmaster-General and spoken to by Hon. G. W. Ross, Premier of Ontario, and Colonel Sweny, of Rohalton. At the table of honor, beside the distinguished party from Ottawa, were the heroes of the yeldt in khaki: Colonel Buchanan, Major Macdougall, Captain Barker, Captain McDonnell, Captain Mason, Lieutenant Temple, Father O'Leary, the best loved priest in Canada just now.

One song was introduced, when Dr. Richardson gave, in fine style, Tennyson's English war song, introduced to



CAPT. MASON.

Toronto by that fine young singer, Mr. Ernest Sharpe, last season. The utmost care and supervision over every detail was apparent in all the arrangements, and even so small a detail as the committee's badges, a small silk flag, fastened by a Lee-Metford cartridge with the word "Otter" engraved upon it, was perfect in execution and significance. The tables were charmingly decorated, a lavish display of the choicest flowers being made. One table was taken by Q.O.R. officers, another by Grenadiers, Body Guard, Highland regiment, and artillery were also brilliantly grouped. In fact, for showy splendor, the Otter banquet is easily first in the record of feasts given hereabouts.

Early Christmas morning, many a loving household was awake and busy with delightful preparation and anticipation, getting ready the best and brightest Christmas welcome for its long missed father or son. Nothing seemed adequate for the blissful reunion, and as the hour came for the arrival of the train, the happy families came trooping to the Union Station on a heavenly sunny Christmas morning, to catch the earliest glimpse of the heroes. The group made by the handsome Temples, as father, mother, and children they came to the platform, was eyed with kindly cheer and sympathy by many of their good friends, who rejoiced with them that their long and trying anxiety for their dear warrior had ended so happily. The widowed mother of big Captain Archie McDonnell, and his two sisters, Mrs. Hayes and Mrs. German, and their two stalwart brothers, were also waiting with what patience they could to greet their brave soldier. Mrs. Mason bided at home, and no doubt found the time too long to be endured until she saw her boy, for Captain Jim had to drive to the Armouries and participate in the reception ere he could hie away home and make her the happiest mother ever happened. Mrs. Otter met the Colonel, and drove with him and the Mayor and Alderman Leslie to the Armouries, where a smart party of ladies were in the officers' gallery to join their congratulations to the thousands trooped on the sunny air as the carriage drove through the streets. The two four-in-hands were a sight to see, as piled with khaki-clad soldiers, they toiled merrily along the prescribed way, preceded by the marching ranks of the city regiments, and cheered and greeted from the pavement by merry friends of both sexes, shouting their welcomes up at them. War has agreed with the boys, who, from the Colonel down, look in prime condition, and the meeting of the returning warriors with Captain Barker, Lieut. Wilkie, and several other khaki heroes on the platform was a sight for sore eyes! Miss Mowat and Mrs. Mowat, with Captain Law in attendance, were smiling from a corner at the bright scene. Premier and Mrs. Ross were in the thick of the crowd. Mrs. FitzGibbon, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Houston, Miss Jeanie Wallbridge, Mr. Harry O'Brien, of Ottawa, and Miss O'Brien, and Colonel Graveley were a merry group, who were fortunate in seeing the returning soldiers at their debarkation. Colonel Peters and his officers succeeded in getting round to the lake side, and the two colonels met in a rather funny way. Colonel Peters said, "You are Colonel Otter?" and on Colonel Otter grasping his hand, added, "I'm Peters!" and the introduction was complete. It had not probably occurred to the spectators that our smart D.O.C. and the other Colonel had never met, or that Colonel Peters was a stranger to all the little group who have "been and seen" starvation and cold and illness, and come through so splendidly. Major Macdougall, who was invalided early in the year from sunstroke, but made a quick recovery, and has since held the position of D.A.A.G. of transportation under Girouard, returned to Toronto on Sunday,

having come over on the Campania instead of the transport. Needless to state, there was a happy household in Wellington street west for Christmas day, and many congratulations to the dear little woman and her boys on the safe return of the jolly Major.

The latest news from South Africa touching the battle of Belfast has given added lustre to a soldier whose courage and nerve have only been excelled by his reticence in regard to his deeds of valor. Churchill Cockburn is not a talker, but when he is mentioned in despatches and his fellow fighters reveal his numerous gallant and daring deeds, he will have to submit to be ranked as a hero of the first water. Lieutenant Cockburn is now in England, and may not be home for a short while, but when he does come his friends have a welcome waiting for him which all his reticence will not avail to cool. He was captured while "saving the guns," held for a time by the Boers, but released. He spent the night after the battle in succoring the wounded on the field and getting ambulance transportation for them to the hospital. Colonel Lessard, whose friends are watching him with pride and interest, seems to have extra good fighting men and splendid fellows under him.

The new game of "Trek," invented by Mrs. Prant Macdonald (nee Laidlaw), is immediately suggestive of veldts, and laagers, and "koppies," and other South African nomenclature. "Trek" is great fun, and its apparent simplicity is all in my eye. You can play "Trek" with as much silence and longheaded planning as chess. The whole thing consists in forming a geometric figure with large and small checkers upon a ruled board, but the other fellow can and will spoil your nice little design by poking his men into it, and you will do the same by him. Two, three, or four can use the different colored "men" on one board, and annoy each other and try to outwit the adversary. It is most exasperating, when one has cunningly gotten every part but one of the design complete, to see the other fellow's marring man shoved into it, and hear the jeering word, "Trek!" Then, one has to "travel," and try some more cunning moves elsewhere to catch the enemy napping. Keen business men have spent hours over "Trek" this winter, and even children are fascinated with it. Mrs. Prant Macdonald has disposed of her game to Milton & Bradley, the high-class special promoters of such things, "brain games," in Springfield, Mass., and her friends hope she will make a pile of money out of her royalties. The game sells here for a trifle, but there is lots of fun in it, and "Trek" parties are already on the tapis.

Mr. Thomas Tait came up from Montreal on Christmas morning, and returned home with Mrs. Tait to-day. Mr. and Mrs. Tait will attend Mrs. Montague Allen's New Year's Eve ball, the event par excellence of smart events in the Eastern city. Two years ago Mrs. Montague Allen was prevented from giving this grand ball by mourning, and last year New Year's eve was on Sunday, so that the recurrence of the ball, with no marring happening, this year, is anticipated very keenly by her friends. Mr. Tait had a good chat with Colonel Otter on his trip west, inviting him into his car and welcoming him most heartily.

Mrs. Geo. E. Gooch will hold the usual New Year's reception at her residence, 119 Dovercourt road, and her post-nuptial reception will be held on January 2nd at the residence of her sister-in-law, Mrs. F. H. Gooch, 86 Charles street, after which she will receive on the first and third Fridays at 119 Dovercourt road.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Blight are at Mrs. Thorne's pension, 66 Bloor street east.

Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton gave a dinner at the Hunt Club on Wednesday evening for their daughter, Miss Athol Boulton, at which nearly two score guests were entertained. The happy finale, as in the case of a recent similar feast in honor of Dundonald's bride-elect, was a jolly dance, which is always most enjoyable at the club when the party is not too large. Miss Boulton is one of the most beautiful, if not the belle par excellence, of the girls who have this season entered the social whirl, a very sweet expression being one of her greatest charms.

By a slip of the pen I announced last week the engagement of Mr. Archie Crooks instead of Mr. Alec Crooks and Miss Ethel Ellis. Both these happy young persons are so well known that the mistake might not have needed correction, had it not been repeated in other papers this week. Mr. Alec Crooks is a prominent barrister, a very smart soldier of the Q.O.R., and a crack shot, as his Bisley record has emphasized, and if none but the brave deserve the fair, the brave has this time received the proper reward, for Miss Ellis is exceeding fair and beautiful.

On Monday afternoon, at three o'clock, in St. Alban's Cathedral, the marriage took place of Miss Monk, daughter of Mr. G. W. Monk, of Markham street, and Mr. Biscoe, of Brantford, now residing in New York, the Bishop of Toronto officiating. The bride wore her travelling dress of castor cloth, and velvet toque to match, and her maids, Miss Violet Monk, her sister, and Miss Kathleen Smith, of Chicago, were very smart in bright rich red gowns with velvet toques to match, with bouquets of holly tied with red satin ribbon. Dr. Kemp, of Toronto, was best man, and Mr. Monk, father of the bride, gave her away. Only a small party of intimate friends were invited to the ceremony and the after reception which took place at the home of the bride's parents, where Christmas decorations were most bright and appropriate, the brave holly glowing in every corner, and the effect very pretty indeed. Mr. and Mrs. Biscoe left on the afternoon train for New York, and take with them the heartiest good wishes of hosts of friends, who regret the departure of the clever and popular bride from Toronto. Among those invited were the Bishop and Mrs. Sweatman, Mr. and Mrs. J. Herbert Mason, of Ermeleigh, Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra, of Yeaddon Hall, Mrs. and Miss Florence Cawthra, of Guiseley House, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Hagarty, Mr. and Mrs. Houston, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Burton Smith.

Ye Towne Clubbe of Parkdale were the hosts of a jolly dance on Thursday, December 20, in the Masonic Hall. Everyone enjoyed the affair immensely and said very nice things to the young hosts, who were Messrs. W. R. Wadsworth, W. C. Laidlaw, Geo. Kelley, H. J. Martin, M. L. Atkinson, T. E. Northey, Claude Arnold, Jack Bryan, N. S. Lockie, A. E. Goode, W. H. Green, G. P. Atkinson, Edwin Lockie, and Claude Bryan. The misses Edgar Jarvis, Miss May in yellow satin barred with black velvet ribbon and Miss Charlie in black, with jet, and one crimson rose, and Miss Emil Wormum in white satin; Miss Flo Lowndes in pink silk; Miss Lockie in black chiffon over silk; Miss Flossie Lampert in pale green chiffon; Miss Florence McArthur in yellow silk, trimmed with white lace; Miss Edna Brown, in white frilled organdie; Miss VanderSmisen in white silk with pink roses; Miss Stewart in pink mousseline de soie, and Miss Mildred Bethune in pink silk with pink and black ribbons, were among the prettiest girls present. A group of chaperones, Mesdames W. P. Atkinson, Dick, A. T. Stewart, Cattermole, Lockie, Peterson, McCrimmon, Yeoman, Boucher Clark, and Sherman, were smartly gowned, and also vastly enjoyed the dance. Supper was served downstairs, and the hall and sitting-out nooks were charmingly arranged, and the music was extra good.

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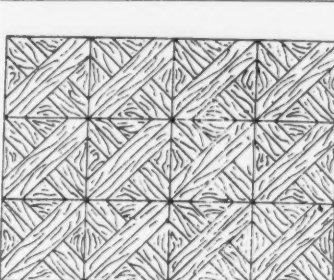
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TORONTO

Social and Personal.

Miss Grace Evans, daughter of Dr. L. Hamilton Evans, returned home last week. After devoting a year to music in Dresden, she enjoyed a very pleasant holiday as the guest of Sir James and Lady Westland at their charming home in Surrey, subsequently visiting in Cornwall, Dublin, Edinburgh and London. Mrs. Evans and Miss Winnifred are comfortably settled at Richmond on the Thames until spring, when they propose visiting the Continent.

A pleasant event occurred in Hong Kong on the R.M.S. Empress of India, when the retiring surgeon, Dr. D. M. Anderson, was tendered a farewell banquet by Captain Marshall and his fellow-officers, and made the recipient of an elaborate silver cigar casket. Called to the boatswain's mess, on the pretext of seeing a patient, Mr. Bird, on behalf of the crew, presented him with an address expressive of their appreciation of his devotion, and regret at his departure, accompanying it with a handsome silver tankard and toilet set. Dr. Anderson has been appointed to the R.M.S. Salamis, at present under charter as a transport by the Imperial Government, and will return with her to England via Australia and Cape Town, where he will spend a year or two completing his studies. Dr. Anderson has been on the Empress for two years, having graduated from Trinity Medical College in 1898. The many friends of the gallant doctor in his home city will be pleased to hear of his good fortune. He is succeeded on the Empress of India by another Toronto boy, Dr. Colin Campbell of last year's General Hospital staff.

Miss Mabel Gilmour returned from Prescott to spend the Christmas vacation with her mother, in Jarvis street.

Chevalier J. Enoch Thompson returned from Spain last week, after spending five pleasant weeks amidst the orange groves and vineyards of Andalusia. What is of more importance, he comes back with a concession to build tramways through that fertile province. He also visited Madrid, where he had an interview with the Secretary of State and other high officials, who made his visit pleasant by their hospitality.

The board and committee of the Nursing At Home Mission desire to thank the many friends of the mission for their kindness and liberality in donating money, nourishment and clothing to alleviate the suffering of the sick poor in our city during the year just closing. For many years the means for carrying on this work have been provided without solicitation, and as heretofore, the year closes without incurring debt.

A very pretty but quiet wedding took place on Wednesday afternoon at the residence of Rev. George Webber, 6 Sultan street, when his daughter Millicent was married to the Rev. Gayland H. Patterson, M.A., Ph.D., of Smithport, Pa., in the presence of the relatives and a few of the immediate friends of the contracting parties. The marriage ceremony was performed by the bride's father, assisted by Rev. W. H. Hincks, L.L.B., pastor of Central Methodist Church, and Rev. J. Albert Snell of Old City, brother-in-law of the bride. The bride looked charming in a dainty gown of white organdie, made en train, with yoke of point lace; she carried a shower bouquet of bridal roses. Miss Mabel Webber was bridesmaid, in a gown of white organdie, with trimmings of point lace; she carried crimson roses. Mr. Jack Webber was groomsmen. The rooms were tastefully decorated with palms, ferns and crimson roses. After the dainty dejeuner was served the bridal party left for their new home, amid showers of rice and good wishes.

A large and brilliant reception was given by Mrs. G. Sterling Ryerson on Thursday afternoon, December 20, at which she presented the bride, Mrs. J. B. McLean (nee Slade) to her guests. Mrs. Ryerson received in the south drawing-room in a handsome gown of French gray brocade, with white lace and chiffon and cut steel trimmings. Mrs. McLean wore a pale fawn gown, with touches of black and gold, and a vest of white. Mrs. McLean is a tall and attractive woman, distinctly charming and cultured, as the most flattering interview showed. Colonel McLean, always jolly and bright, beamed with pride and pleasure at the many compliments bestowed upon his handsome wife. Dr. Ryerson was, as always, a cordial and thoughtful host, and plenty of men (an unusual thing at a tea, unless it be on the half holiday) were gallantly ready to second his efforts for the enjoyment of all. Colonel and Mrs. McLean left on the same evening for Montreal, the good wishes of all their friends following them. Mrs. Ryerson's tea was very largely attended, guests being announced, hurrying from other functions to greet the popular hostess, until after six o'clock. The tea table was charmingly done in pink, with the most exquisite roses and touches of green, and sash ribbons of pink satin. Silver candelabra, with pink shaded lights, sent a soft glow over the rich crystal and its burden of good things. Crimson and amber "cups" divided the attention of the thirsty, and everything was most elegantly served. Mrs. C. Egerton Ryerson, the Misses Ryerson, Mrs. McDowall Thomson and Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick, nieces of the hostess, were in charge of the tea table. A few of the guests were: Mrs. G.W. Ross and her bright debutante, Miss Kate Ross; Mrs. Mowat, Lady Thompson, Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Mowat, Mrs. Sweeney of Robahall, Mrs. Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. Alec Robertson and their stalwart son, Mr. Douglas Robertson; Colonel and Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. James Mason, Colonel and Miss Delamere, Mrs. E. Temple, the Misses Temple, Mrs. and Miss Barker, Mrs. Allen Aylesworth, Mrs. and Miss Bessie Macdonald, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mrs. Ince, Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Becher, Mrs. Ridout, Mrs. Sweetman, Mrs. Rigby, Mrs. Fisher, Miss Dallas, Mr. and Mrs. W. Crowther, Mrs. James Crowther, Mrs. W. Davidson,

Miss Davidson, Dr. and Mrs. A. Davidson, Mrs. and the Misses Mortimer Clark, Mr. Gordon Clark, the Misses Jessie and Dora Denison, Mr. and Miss Rose, Mrs. and Miss Walde, and many others.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne of Clover Hill gave a holiday dinner of twelve covers on Christmas night. Holly and ivy of the valley, with deep crimson ribbons, made bright the board, and, needless to say, the menu was perfection.

The sixth annual ball of the Toronto Hebrew Benevolent Societies took place on Thursday evening in the assembly room of the Temple Building. It was most successful, and the proceeds were, as usual, devoted to the relief of the deserving poor of the Jewish community, the society being carried on solely for that worthy purpose.

Mr. Lyons Foster came up from Montreal to spend Christmas with his people, at 23 Grosvenor street. Miss Elsie Hellwell is going on a visit of some weeks to friends in Detroit. Mr. Tom Delamere came up from Brockville for Christmas with his parents, Colonel and Mrs. Delamere. Lieutenant Roy Wood, from the Garrison, Halifax, came home some time ago on leave for the holiday season. Mr. Will Finlayson, from Midland, spent Christmas with his family in town. Mr. Jim Worts is up from R.M.C. for Christmas. Mr. and Mrs. Zealand's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lamport, for the holidays. Mr. Victor Butelle spent Christmas in town. Mr. Cowan of Glasgow, a cultured Scotchman, is spending some time in Toronto. Hon. Clifford Sifton and his three fine little sons spent Christmas Eve in Toronto. They left on a private car for Ottawa in the evening. Mr. Garnet Wolseley Denison is home on leave to visit his people, and is looking very fit.

She was a grimy specimen, with tearful eyes and a red nose, and she struggled with a stalwart crowd at the station to reach the smiling group of officers who stood on the platform awaiting the arrival of the Colonel in Command. "Lave me pass, kind sir," and she inserted her sharp elbow between the shoulders of a thin man and waited him aside. "I want to shake hands wid him, God bless him! I've known him ever since he was born, the darlin'!" She was pushed further from the train, with her grimy paw waving over the heads of the crowd. Finally she emerged, weeping. "He's a fine soldier, anyway," she said, ruefully, "an' I've known him ever since he was born," and she wiped her eyes and nose on the fringe of her black shawl, and toddled unsteadily home. Whether she yearned for recognition from W. D. Jimmie, Archie or Reggie will never be known, for she didn't get it.

Master Archie Sullivan, son of the late Bishop of Algoma, has written the following Ode, on the death of Sir Arthur Sullivan. The young writer is in his early teens and is at school in Scotland:

And art thou gone,
Musician great,
To stately mansions where
Music exceeding sweet
Rolls on
In never-ceasing strains?
Where God Himself,
Composer of us all,
Rules as the Master
Of a Choir divine:
And even thy great mind
Has ne'er brought forth
Or dreamed
Of melodies
So grand and pure.
Yet, if thy soul is gone,
Thy music stays behind,
And leaves to us
A birthright, rich indeed!

The second very large tea given in Wellington street west this season was that of Mrs. W. Mortimer Clark, which took place on Saturday. Everyone was there, with holiday face and Christmas smiles, and the result was that everyone enjoyed the tea, which is dated this year somewhat later than usual. I think Mrs. Mortimer Clark received in the first drawing-room, from which another large apartment and a cosy smaller room lead to the big dining-room. There the merry gathering packed itself rather snug, and a fusillade of laughter, jest and greeting poured from the wide doorways, where the valiant souls of the stronger sex passed in and out, bearing many good things to the warty women who lingered in the ante-room. Already some of the Christmas visitors had arrived in town, and many more were expected and heralded by happy kin and friends. And the arrival of the soldiers from South Africa shared the anticipations of all and sundry, while the brilliant wedding of the previous Wednesday was on many tongues. Among the guests at this very smart tea were Sir Thomas and Lady Taylor, Lady Thompson, Hon. A. S. Hardy, Mrs. Mulock, Mrs. G. W. Ross, Rev. Armstrong Black and Mrs. Black, Mrs. A. W. Ross, Mrs. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Mackay of Dundonald, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Creelman, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander, Mrs. Herbert Mowat, the Misses Michie, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Riddell, Mr. and Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Miss Melvin-Jones, Mrs. and Miss Barwick, Mrs. Lash, Mrs. Miller Lash, Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Bessie Macdonald, Judge and Miss Rose, Mr. Rose, Mr. and Miss Geary, Mr. R. Geary, Miss Cattanaeh, Mr. Burnham, Miss Somerville, Miss Naomi Wilson, Mr. Somerville, Mrs. Falconbridge, the Misses Falconbridge, Dr. Parsons, Mrs. and Miss Peters, Mrs. Sweetman, Mr. and Mrs. A. Burritt, Mr. and Mrs. Bolte, Mrs. W. Ince, the Misses Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. J. Fraser Macdonald, Miss E. Ravenshaw, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, Miss Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Oaker, Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn, Mrs. Harman, Mrs. Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. A. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. and Miss Macdougall of Carlton Lodge, Miss Buck, Mrs. MacLennan, Miss Strange, Miss Jennings, Mr. and Mrs. MacMurchy, Dr. Hardy, Dr. Thistle, Mr. Drummond, Mr. Darling of Ravensmount, the Misses Mackenzie of Benvenuto,

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Men's Opera Slippers, Tan and Black Kid, at \$1.00
Men's Opera Slippers, Tan and Black Dongola Kid at 1.25
Men's Harvard Slippers, Tan and Black Kid, turn soles, at 1.50
Men's Opera, Everette and Harvard Slippers, turn soles, white kid lined at \$1.75, \$2.00, 2.50

Romeo Slippers

Men's Chocolate and Black Dongola, Romeo Slippers, elastic sides, at \$1.50
Men's Black and Chocolate Vici Kid Romeo Slippers, turn soles, elastic sides, at 2.00

Patent Leather Shoes

Men's Patent Leather Evening Shoes, at \$1.50 and 2.00
Men's Patent Leather Pumps, turn soles, at 2.50
Men's Patent Calf Dress Oxford Shoes at 3.00
Men's Patent Kid Dress Shoes, cloth tops, at 3.50
Men's Patent Leather Dress Congress Shoes, elastic sides, 4.00
Men's Patent Leather Walking Boots, at \$1.00, \$1.50 and 5.00
Men's Patent Kid Lace and Button Boots, the kind that don't crack, at 6.00

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Mr. Hugo Ross, the Misses Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Robertson and Mr. Douglas Robertson, Mr. D. Harman, Dr. Bruce, Mr. McDonnell, Mr. Helliwell, Captain Wyatt, Major Stimson, Mr. Alexander Crooks, Mr. Harold Brooke, Mr. Dobell, Mr. Hodgins, Mr. O. Howland, Mr. Meredith. The decorations of the buffet were pink, a huge basket of roses centered the table and was lightly relieved with ferns, and tied with broad pink ribbons. Miss Blaikie and Miss Madge Davidson were the fair waitresses, looking, as they always do, most sweet and charming. The daughters of the house, the elder in white and the younger in pale blue, and Mr. Gordon Clark, continued their reputation as the kindest of assistant hosts. Everyone looked very smart, and the tone of happiness which has tuned all hearts this week struck an opening note on Saturday.

Many friends of that lovely woman, Mrs. Street Macklem, will be interested

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Old Chippendale and Sheraton

Cabinets
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Rare Old Silver
Old Sheffield Plate
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Rare Bronzes

and hundreds of art objects too numerous to mention. Also a very rare collection of Elizabethan Carved Black Oak, including Chairs, Tables, Buffets, Dower and Robe Chests, etc., etc.
Upper and Lower Galleries now open to the public and will repay a visit. Our stock includes House Furniture of every description in Mahogany and Rosewood Furniture—all genuine Antiques. The only house in Toronto dealing in exclusive pieces.

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A Rough Skin

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IS A ONE-NIGHT CURE

Use it before going to bed....
....It is not sticky or oily.

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Sundays open all day.

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x 1901 x

WE find we have left over more than we wish of New Year Calendars and will sell them out this week at

25 Per Cent.
Discount

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Harry Pellatt would be well enough to entertain, for there is a perfectly stunning ballroom among the nice things in the handsome new house in Sherbourne street. Mrs. Pellatt has had an attack of asthma, I hear, and has scarcely been out at all.

A Voice Out of the East

THE BUDDHISTS OF JAPAN
TO THE CHRISTIANS OF
EUROPE AND AMERICA



"Saturday Night" has received from Tokyo a copy of a printed circular which has been issued as an epistle from the Buddhists of Japan to "all the ecclesiastics in the world." This circular, dealing with the Chinese emergency and written in a spirit of profound gentleness and toleration, suggests many things which should be of the deepest interest to the whole of Christendom, particularly at this time when the thoughts of men are turned to the message of "peace and good will" that ushered in the earthly career of the Man of Galilee. So interesting has "Saturday Night" found the epistle of the Buddhists of Japan that we substitute it this week for our usual short story. It is as follows:

We, the Buddhists of Great Japan, beg to inform our revered ecclesiastical brethren in the world, that the disturbances in China having now reached their climax, her national prestige is at stake, her administration is virtually held in abeyance, and moreover the Boxers being still at large, the fundamental statutes of the country have fallen into utter disorder. It is true that within men of public spirit are not wanting who, with the utmost energy and enthusiasm, are endeavoring to avert the present situation, and that without, some of the friendly Powers are ready to assist them in their cause. Yet there is hardly any prospect for the restoration of the empire to its former condition, and 400 millions of souls are virtually at a loss to know what course to take. Under these circumstances the social distress as well as moral corruption have now reached a pitch too serious to be described in detail. How and when is such a disorganization to be remedied? How is it possible for us, who have pledged ourselves to undertake the work of salvation, to remain silent with folded hands?

The question justifies itself when we consider that the present complications in China are likely to affect to a serious extent the interests of the whole world. Still more forcibly does it assert itself when we consider that the disturbances in China are supposed to have had their origin in the workings of religion. Although in regard to schemes for the amelioration of the condition of the Middle Kingdom in future, we have to look to the mutual negotiations between the proper authorities of China and of the Powers, yet we are fully convinced that the work of eradicating the roots of evil and consolidating the permanent welfare and peace of China must necessarily be placed in the hands of the propagandists of religion. These views on the situation, the followers of Buddha, out of friendly feelings towards China as a neighbor, in discharge of a duty obligatory upon us as preachers of religion, and more particularly from the sense of a responsibility devolving upon us in connection with religion in China, have thought it expedient to submit our sentiments to the consideration of ecclesiastics throughout the world; inasmuch as we are perfectly confident that the benevolent and generous ecclesiastics of the world, pardoning our audacity and removing the barriers now existing in respect of differences in religion, will accede to and sympathize with our proposals for the sake of the welfare of the Chinese people and of the tranquillity of the world at large.

It is indeed certain that the forms of religion in the world are manifold. But it is equally certain that in spite of the dissimilarity of religions in their tenets as well as in rites—in short, in their external organization—the fundamental principles embodied in what we regard as the higher classes of religion, to say nothing of those which still remain undeveloped, are in all cases essentially, if not entirely, analogous. More particularly is this the case with all the advanced forms of religion which are based upon the principle of love for mankind, and in which the light of this principle is utilized to destroy the darkness of life and to deliver myriads from sin and distress, with the avowed object of securing for the world a higher state of happiness and prosperity which can be attained by the development of humanity to the utmost perfection. Such, indeed, may be the fundamental principle to which the religion owes its existence—a principle by virtue of which religion can secure its firm footing and its essential operations. That principle alone is, in fact, a universal truth, an absolute path to follow; and if religion is thus to stand on such a general truth, its propagators ought always to abide by it.

As already remarked, religion embodies a supreme truth to be followed by men, and therefore the propagators of its doctrine ought never to be disturbed by temptations existing beyond the pale of religion. The propagandists of religion are morally bound not to look beyond the principle of universal love, and the souls for which salvation may be worked by means of these principles.

If, yielding to restrictions imposed by society, they are to change the spirit of their instruction in respect of the difference or peculiar circumstances of a country, its race, civilization, and customs and manners, or are to endeavor to accomplish ends other than those dictated by the legitimate principles of religion, by implicating themselves in human ambition or intrigue, they must virtually be regarded as having lost the footing on which their fundamental principles require them firmly to stand.

Nothing can be more inconsistent than the true propagators of religion than to pursue such a course.

The great teachers of religion in the olden time have pertinaciously adhered to the doctrine of universal love, and kept their thoughts concentrated on it. A retrospect of history shows that revered ecclesiastics from all nations, especially the missionaries from the various Christian churches, have sailed to China in spite of its great distance, and have settled there one after another for more than one thousand years since the days of the Tang Dynasty, and that notwithstanding the

great difficulties they had to contend with, they have, with but one heart, exerted their energies for the propagation of their doctrine, and at the same time for the development of Chinese civilization. This they have done simply to the end that the zeal thus displayed for the furtherance of social happiness and welfare might be imitated by the Chinese people by virtue of that principle which commands general love for mankind. In this respect we, the followers of Buddha, cannot sufficiently express our sincere admiration for them. Nevertheless, having perceived with no small regret that Buddhism in China has so completely declined as to have lost all vestige of influence upon the morals of men, we, the Buddhists of Japan, have also started work for the propagation of our tenets in this country. But as we are still only in the preliminary stage of operations, and are thus destitute of experience, we have as yet been unable to achieve anything worthy of notice, and we are ashamed within ourselves for our inability to follow in the steps of, and bring about the result secured by, the Occidental Churches in the Middle Kingdom.

There can be no denying that the sincerity as well as enthusiasm displayed by the ministers of Christian churches in China is anything but significant. They have not only succeeded in establishing churches in every territory and distributing their preachers in the various provinces, but also secured, by dint of unremitting efforts, suitable machinery for the salvation of the souls of the Chinese people, by instituting schools, libraries, hospitals, poor asylums, orphanages, kindergartens, printing as well as publishing offices—all of them absolutely indispensable for the development of civilization, and all magnificently equipped and maintained for the furtherance of social welfare in China. The brilliant success thus secured by the missionaries in China the world cannot for a moment doubt. Nor is it an exaggeration to say that the zeal and sincerity displayed towards the Chinese is really extraordinary, and the latter, recognizing the immense benefits thus administered by them, ought to show feelings of extreme gratitude and at the same time readiness to do everything in return for their benefaction. The Chinese, however, contrary to expectation, have not only failed to appreciate the favors bestowed upon them by the foreign missionaries, but have destroyed church buildings, persecuted ministers and taken the lives and properties of Christians, with little or no thought of consequences; in short, their violence and cruelty have known no bounds. And yet, if we carefully consider the character of the Chinese, we may convince ourselves that they were not originally hostile to foreigners, or to religion; they were, on the contrary, signalized from the olden time as a people remarkable for a tolerance which absolutely deterred them from rising in arms in religious collision—a statement for which history furnishes ample evidence. In spite of these plausible qualities they are now found to be as a nation imbued with a violent anti-religious spirit, and, as such, not only have they failed to take cognizance of the merits achieved by the extraordinary love and sincerity of the missionaries from the West, but have even been led to assert that the source of their ever-increasing intolerance against religion lies in the works of these missionaries.

Surely there must be substantial reasons for such an anomaly. Whenever we reflect upon these circumstances, we cannot but express our profound regret for the deeds of the missionaries in China. In investigating the cause of the anti-religious spirit of the Chinese, we find that apprehension and terror entertained towards the foreign missionaries were virtually the origin of their implacable hostility. They have perceived that these missionaries have secured for themselves an immunity calculated to subvert their established customs and manners; they have also recognized in their attitude a tendency to ignore the statutes of the country and a desire to accomplish the most selfish ends by the oppression of the Chinese Government and people. They have moreover supposed that the foreign evangelists in China have arrogated to themselves the power of protecting the followers of their creed in utter disregard of the latter's criminality under the laws of the State, whereas non-believers, though legally innocent, were frequently entrapped into a crime. Under these circumstances they were led to the conclusion that the foreign missionaries in China have been exerting their energies for the accomplishment of a certain obnoxious ambition by stirring up the unprincipled rabble of the country, and with this object in view made their chapels and cathedrals a sort of asylum for criminals. The Chinese began to entertain the idea that the missionaries were intimately connected with the foreign policy of their own countries, and that having made themselves instrumental in carrying out the intrigues of their own Governments, they must have labored for some sinister design such as the extension of territory, along with the development of commerce. They saw with gross apprehension that in respect of foreign machinations the mis-

sionaries were the first to come, followed by consuls, with generals at their back; and they have feared that behind a man who had come with a Bible in his hand, stood a warrior armed with a spear and a sword.

They have apprehended that the result of all these intrusions would be claims for compensation, plunder of territory, and what not, the final settlement of the affair being only reserved for the country with every indication of its entire subversion. With such apprehension and terror it is quite natural that they should entertain a strong prejudice against foreign religion. It seems to us that this motive or spirit has virtually led the Chinese to the organization of the Boxers' society; and this feeling having strengthened itself within the bosom of the Celestials, the disturbances which have been going on since last spring, when incidents occurred involving the political authority of the central government in dispute. The violence and cruelty perpetrated by the Chinese really deserve to be deprecated with the utmost indignation, but when we turn our thoughts deep into their heart, we are almost unable to avoid a feeling of quasi-sympathy.

Nevertheless, it must be clearly understood that we, the followers of Buddha, are in no way disposed to incite the idea that the fears and doubts entertained by the Chinese are in every respect justifiable. On the contrary, we do not hesitate to condemn them as having labored under gross misapprehension; inasmuch as there is no reason to suppose that the propagators of religion who are perfectly familiar with the fundamental doctrine of universal affection should have been persuaded to enter into proceedings calculated to create apprehension and terror on the part of the Chinese. Can it be presumed, however, that the missionaries themselves are entirely free from responsibility on this point, in spite of their having excited the Chinese to entertain erroneous views in connection with their conduct? As for ourselves we are inclined to believe that the errors of judgment into which the Chinese have fallen are, in many respects, attributable to the conduct of the missionaries in China, and that the justice of this assertion may be firmly established by taking into consideration the statements of the officials directly concerned in the foreign policy of their own countries, the public reports of the foreign Ministers accredited to the Court of China, the information given by the most trustworthy journals in the world, together with the existing annals of the Chinese Empire and its actual condition. In short, the proceedings of the missionaries were far from being compatible with the principle of universal benevolence which they ought to have adhered, and that they have alienated themselves from the true spirit of their Churches at home by stepping beyond the legitimate sphere of religion, can in no way be denied. Such, of course, was not the intention they may have originally entertained, and might simply be regarded as the result of a bungling into which they have accidentally fallen. Still there can be no manner of doubt that in their dealings with the Chinese they have, in fact, advanced beyond the reasonable limits of operation.

To this is to be attributed the cause of suspicion as well as apprehension on the part of the Chinese: In this is to be found an element of provocation for the recent insurrection in China. If that be the case, then it follows that the missionaries are to be held largely, if not entirely, responsible for the present disturbances in the Middle Kingdom. As a matter of fact, the propagators of religion ought to seek for peace and inspire men with the principles of humanity; but the missionaries in China have constantly assumed an obnoxious attitude, and have thus brought upon the religious world a great disgrace and chagrin.

Such being the case, we, the Buddhists of Japan, cannot but express our desire that all the ecclesiastics in the world, in conjunction with us, recognize the above fact—a fact which clearly shows that the missionaries in China have proceeded far beyond the fundamental principles of religion, and have thereby incurred the condemnation of the world. We are, therefore, desirous that the missionaries in China should be removed. Unless such a course be taken, how is it possible for them to uphold the gospel of humanity and love—to illumine the darkness with the light of peace and welfare? Unless such a scheme be adopted, the four hundred millions of souls are certain to degenerate into a state of overwhelming distress and affliction, and the world will be darkened with clouds of disaster and insurrection. We as disciples of Buddha can hardly restrain our fear and lamentation at such a prospect when we think of the Great Truth shining above and of four hundred million souls groping below.

But how is the fear and apprehension on the part of the Chinese to be cleared away? On this question we Buddhists are prepared to submit two proposals to the propagators of religion in the world for their sincere acceptance and approval. The first is that the ecclesiastical authorities in the world should exercise their influence in restraining the missionaries in China from proceedings which are likely to create suspicion on the part of the Chinese as to the existence of their secret connection with the foreign policy of their own countries. They should, for instance, be withheld from inducing their own Governments to carry out schemes conducive to successful aggrandizement at the expense of China, on the plea of persecution inflicted—a plea frequently resorted to whenever more or less suffering has been inflicted on them by the Chinese. Nor should they be allowed to claim compensation for damages incurred as they have hitherto done, for nothing can be more incompatible with the true principles of religion.

When some time ago a Japanese Buddhist temple at Amoy was burnt by the Chinese, we Buddhists, being desirous to persuade the Home Government to refrain from pressing the

Chinese authorities on this particular account, have renounced all claims for damage, and this we did simply with a view to the discretion which we ought to exercise in the interests of religion. A glance at history shows that the great teachers of every religion in antiquity, despite the persecution which they have incurred, have not only not displayed any spirit of hostility or vengeance, but on the contrary have prayed, with compassion, to have the heavenly blessing bestowed upon the persecutors. It is earnestly to be recommended, therefore, that we, together with all the propagators of religion in the world, should be prepared to inspire ourselves with the noble spirit of the ancient sages, and instead of holding inimical feelings against the Chinese who have persecuted us, we should have an atrocious upsurge of the missionaries, should endeavor to do good for evil, and to supplicate a permanent blessing upon this pitiful race.

The second proposition we have to submit to our venerable brethren consists in withholding the missionaries in China from all forms of procedure which might possibly be regarded as disturbing the social institutions of China.

They must, in fact, be prohibited from any line of conduct subversive of the ancient customs and manners of China, or derogatory to her laws, or liable to be recognized as producing abuses of misprision through partiality displayed towards the converts as against non-believers—proceedings which can in no way be reconciled with the legitimate doctrine of religion. True, the Chinese civilization is as yet rudimentary, and improvements may, in many respects, be necessary in the customs and manners of the country. Still, nothing can be a greater mistake or the part of foreigners than to attempt to overthrow the whole organization at one blow, with a view to substituting their own customs and manners. China was early distinguished for her excellent etiquette and music, and some of these admirable formalities are still preserved among the people.

To ignore all these facts and to attempt to disturb the ancient decorum of China is to be condemned as the outcome of utter indifference to the legitimate sphere of action belonging to the missionaries. It is therefore advisable that we should assume a respectful attitude towards the customs and etiquette as well as the laws of China, and endeavor by degrees to implant the seeds of civilization and religion.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the ecclesiastical authorities in the world should persuade the missionaries in China to act up to the principle we have just suggested, as it embodies in itself a legitimate course to be pursued by the propagators of religion who have embraced the doctrine of universal affection or benevolence.

We Buddhists desire respectfully to submit the above two proposals to the ecclesiastical authorities of all nations, with the full conviction that should they, in accordance with our humble sentiments, be willing to take the course proposed by us, the honest people of China will at once lay aside all suspicion and apprehension, and appreciate with delight the intrinsic virtues of religion.

If so, the ruffians who seek to accomplish their selfish ends under the guise of converts will eventually become unable to do anything towards again disturbing the foreign religion, and the future of the missionaries in China will be as bright and smooth as the ocean in spring. Then, too, the sources of disturbance in China will become extinct, and a new era of mental enlightenment immediately dawn upon the Chinese with every prospect of the reconciliation of the occidental and oriental civilizations.

Then again political as well as social institutions will become settled in perfect order, and finally the four hundred million souls, relieved from distress and affliction, will be enabled to enjoy the benefits of the doctrine of universal benevolence, and the four hundred provivers of China, thus cleared from portents of disaster, will ultimately secure for themselves a happy condition of purity and tranquillity, and the whole world would then be filled with the sacred effulgence of peace and blessing in its utmost brilliancy.

Such really is the condition which we Buddhists of great Japan are anxious to see brought about in China and throughout the world.

The epistle is dated October 11, 33rd Year of Meiji (1900), and signed by Genko Nakayama, Superintendent of the Tendai sect; Ikyo Cho, Superintendent of the Shingon sect; Kodo Hissata, Superintendent of the Hieizan branch of the Jodo sect; Dokutan Toyoda, Superintendent of the Nanzenji branch of the Rinzai sect; Kosi Otani, Superintendent of the Otani branch of the Shin sect; Korin Yoshi, Superintendent of the Obaku sect; all representatives of the Great Japan Buddhists' Union, at their headquarters within the Kenninji Temple in Kyoto, Empire of Great Japan.

Paper-Hanging.

From "Pick-me-up."

IT would please me very much, at no distant day, to issue a small book filled with recipes and directions for making home happy. I have accumulated an immense assortment of these things, all of general use and excellent in their way, because they have been printed in papers all over the country—papers that would not be wrong. Some of these recipes I have tried.

I have tried the recipe for paste, and directions for applying wall-paper, as published recently in an agricultural paper to which I have become very much attached.

This recipe had all the characteristics of an ingenious and honest document. I cut it out of the paper and filed it away where I came very near not finding it again. But I was fortunate enough to find it after a long search.

The scheme was to prepare a flour paste that would hold forever, and at the same time make the paper look smooth and neat to the casual ob-

server. It consisted of so many parts of flour, so many parts of hot water and so many parts of common glue. First, the walls were to be sized, however, I took a common tape measure and sized the walls.

Then I put a dish-pan on the cook-stove, poured in the flour, boiling water and glue. This rapidly produced a dark brown mess of dough, to which I was obliged to add some more hot water. It looked extremely repulsive to me, but it looked a good deal better than it smelled.

I did not have much faith in it, but I thought I would try it. I put some of it on a long strip of wall-paper, and got up on a chair to apply it. In the excitement of trying to stick it on the wall as nearly perpendicular as possible, I lost my balance while still holding the wall-paper, and fell in such a manner as to wrap four yards of bronze paper and common flour paste around my wife's head, with the exception of about four feet of the paper, which I applied to an oil painting of a Gordon setter in a gilt frame.

I decline to detail the dialogue which then took place between my wife and myself. Whatever claim the public may have on me, it has no right to demand this. It will continue to remain sacred. That is, not so very sacred, of course, if I remember my exact language at the time, but sacredly secret from the prying eyes of the public.

It is singular, but it is none the less the never-dying truth, that the only time that paste ever stuck to anything at all was when I applied it to my wife and that picture. After that it did everything but adhere. It gorged and gorged everything, but that was all.

The man who wrote the recipe may have been stuck on it, but nothing else ever was.

Finally, a friend came along, who helped me pick the paper off the dog and soothe my wife. He said that what this paste needed was more glue and a quart of molasses. I added these ingredients, and constructed a quart of chemical molasses, which looked like crude gingerbread in a molten state.

Then, with the aid of my friend, I proceeded to paper the room. The paper would seem to adhere at times, and then it would refrain from adhering. This was annoying, but we succeeded in applying the paper to the walls in a way that showed that we were perfectly sincere about it. We didn't seek to mislead anybody or cover up anything. Anyone could see where each roll of paper tried to be amicable with its neighbor—also where we had tried the laying on of hands in applying the paper.

We got all the paper on in good shape—also the bronze. But they were in different places. The paper was on the walls, but the bronze was mostly on our clothes and on our hands. I was very tired when we got through, and I went to bed early, hoping to get much needed rest. In the morning, when I felt fresh and rested, I thought that paper would look better to me.

There is where I fooled myself. It did not look better to me; it looked worse.

All night long I could occasionally hear something crack like a Fifth of November. I did not know at the time what it was, but in the morning I discovered.

It seems that during the night that paper had wrinkled itself up like the skin on the neck of a pioneer hen after death. It had pulled itself together with so much zeal that the room was six inches smaller each way and the carpet didn't fit it.

There is only one way to insure success in the publication of recipes: they must be tried by the editor himself before they are printed. If you have a good recipe for paste, you must try it before you print it. If you think of publishing the antidote for a certain poison, you should poison someone and try the antidote on him, in order to test it, before you bamboozle the readers of your paper.

This, of course, will add a good deal of extra work for the editor, but editors need more work. All they do now is to have fun with each other, draw their princely salaries and speak sarcastically of the young poet who sings:

"You have come far o'er the sea,
And I've went away from thee."

The Man Who Never Got "Next."

(From George Ade's latest "Fable in Slang.")

When a Woman sent him her Card with "Thursdays" written in the Lower Left Corner, he did not know whether he should Write, Mail a Card, send Flowers, or regard it as an Effort on her part to make a Date.

He saw that there were a great many Fine Points in the Society Racket that were New Ones on him.

So he went out and bought a Little Book written by a Space Man living in a Stag Hotel, informing People how to Behave so as to give the Impression that they were Well-Bred, no matter what the Facts might be.

He went up to his Suite and read the Book, and discovered that during the whole 40 Years of his life he never had done anything According to Hoyle.

He had been accustomed to carry his Laundry with him each Saturday

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He ran a mile, and so would many a young lady, rather than take a bath without the "Albert."

It leaves the skin wonderfully soft and fresh, and its faint fragrance is extremely pleasing.

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Curious Bits of News.

Thomas Jefferson Hurley, a mining expert and a clever writer, has published a little illustrated book called *Famous Gold Nuggets*, in which are pictures and details of nuggets of solid gold that weigh 5, 8, 10, 22 and 45 pounds. They have been found in the tropic and in the arctic zones, and they have largely assisted in the result recorded by Mr. Hurley, that the production of gold during the last fifty years is more than double that of the three and a half preceding centuries.

The news that the Great Ararat has again been scaled, this time by two Russian officers and their suite, revives interest in the belief current among Armenians dwelling in the vicinity that the frame of Noah's ark is still to be found in a fair state of preservation lodged in a chasm high up in the mountains. Occasionally, they say, it is seen by one of the faithful, who, more pious than his fellows, starves himself into such sanctity as to be able to command the assistance of angels, who waft his body through the air to the sacred spot. If the projected railway be constructed from the Russian transcaucasian line to Armenia, and tourists have easy access to the scene of Noah's voyages, it is to be feared that this, as well as other ancient myths, will be shattered.

A sanitary inspector of Chicago says: "People in general have had little or no idea of the great physical evil which has been caused continuously by the hundreds of ill-ventilated churches in this city. There is not one church in a hundred which is ventilated as it should be."

A shop-walker in a fashionable New York store recently resigned his position, compelled thereto by the effect of the ubiquitous sachet-powders upon his asthmatic constitution. He declares that even to walk the shopping streets makes him sneeze.

The Commissary-General of the United States army has recently bought, for the use of the soldiers, large numbers of pocket cook-stoves. Each of them is hardly bigger than a teacup. With a single twist one unscrews from it a metal rim, and this, having three legs, is made to serve as a tripod-stand for holding a brass receptacle, from which the cover is removed with another twist. The receptacle, which is nothing but a small cup, is partly filled with a whitish-looking substance that has the appearance of spermaceti. The stuff is in reality a mixture of wood alcohol and "some vegetable material," the nature of which is not explained. On being touched with a match it catches fire instantly and burns with a steady, lambent flame, which, though almost invisible to the eye, is extremely hot. Large supplies of the material can easily be carried along to replenish the stoves.

Books and Their Makers.

Irving Bacheller's *Eben Holden* is said to have been the second best-selling book in the United States last month.

M. Zola is about to begin the serial publication of the second work in the group of novels known as *The Four Evangelists*. This is the story of Mark, and is entitled *Travail*.

A number of the hitherto unprinted poems of Frederick the Great have lately been discovered in the Prussian archives. Among them are seventeen epigrams and twenty-one poems of considerable length.

Unlike Winston Churchill, Rudyard Kipling sees no charm for him in the lecture field. "There is such a thing," he wrote some time ago, "as paying a hundred and twenty-five cents for a dollar, and though I suppose there is money in the lecturing business, it seems to me that the bother, the fuss, the being at everybody's beck and call, the night journeys, and so on, make it very dear. I have seen a few men who lived through the fight, but they did not look happy."

Agnes Repplier, writing of Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Eleanor*, remarks that throughout the book a somewhat persistent stress is laid upon Eleanor's faded charms, her long-buried past, the tragic background of her life, the pity of her childless widowhood, the intention she has formed of bringing forward a young cousin into London society—everything is said, or hinted, that can indicate advancing years. And then we are told that she is twenty-nine, and that, so, of course, unfit to cope with the radiance of nineteen. "Does Mrs. Ward really consider that a woman has spent her youth, and reached the staid barriers of middle life, at twenty-nine?" asks Miss Repplier.

"Scribner's Magazine" has many projects for the year 1901 and several of the most important have their beginning in the number for January, which has just been issued. In fiction, readers will welcome the half dozen *Amateur Cracksmen* stories by E. W. Hornung, each of which is complete in itself; but the ingenious Raffles and his accomplice, Bunny, appear in all of the adventures. The one in this number is entitled *No Secure*, and it is illustrated by F. C. Yohn, who will make the pictures for the whole series. Raffles has already taken his place among those distinguished characters in fiction which everybody knows about. There will be five more articles on Russia of To-day, by Henry Norman, M.P. The present issue describes a romantic journey in *The Caucasus*, which Mr. Norman believes is the most attractive vacation trip in the world. The illustrations show the picturesque features of the country.

"I understand you've been condemned," gurgled the river, as it flowed along. "Yes," replied the rickety old bridge; "I was tried by my piers." "Answers."

Some Royal Measurements.

AN esteemed correspondent inquires what is the height of the Prince of Wales? This is rather a sore point with His Royal Highness, and it is one upon which it would be unfair to enlarge. If you take your idea of his physical proportions from a photograph you would be apt to form the impression that he is sixty-nine inches at least. But if you look more closely you will generally find that he cleverly avoids invidious comparisons, either by sitting down, or by standing modestly in the background (on a step or a hassock), or by posing at the end of a row somewhat in advance of the people in the middle, by which means he benefits by the distortion of the boundary of the picture, and appears taller than he really is.

But if you were ever able to catch the Prince in his stockinged feet, without heels or any other aids to dignity, you would find it a hard job to get him to reach up to sixty-four inches. In this respect, however, he has the advantage of the Duke of York, who is a couple of inches shorter, and is only the barest fraction taller than his double, Nicholas II.

But if the Mirror of Fashion lacks in vertical inches, he makes up for this by the generous rotundity of his lateral proportions. When he reached Marienbad last autumn he carried with him 257 lbs. of princeliness. When he came away again, three weeks after, he lost a couple of stones, although he has recovered most of this. This was a much more drastic result than he permitted himself during his first Marienbad "cure," which reduced his weight by something less than a stone. Albertus has a solidly-shaped head, broad at the forehead and widening slightly towards the back. He sports an 18 1/2-inch collar, a 34-inch length of arm, a waist of 43 or 44, sometimes an inch smaller, and a trouser leg of 30 inches.

Of crowned heads the shortest monarch of the male sex is the Czar of All the Russias. The tallest is Oscar II, who is usually credited with six feet, but is really taller. The Crown Prince of Greece is slightly taller, and when he comes to the Hellenic Throne will probably overtop all his compeers. Prince Charles of Denmark runs the King of Sweden very hard in the matter of height, and is the tallest Prince more immediately connected with the English Royal house. The ungainliest monarch in Europe is the King of Portugal, because, while he is only a couple of inches taller than the Prince of Wales, he turns the scale at 22 stone.

It is with no lack of reverence that we record in this connection the circumstance that Victoria, the queenliest of women, is the shortest ruler in the universe. Her height, measured in mere prosaic inches, is 59, and when weighed at Nice, just before the Diamond Jubilee, she turned the scale at somewhat over 11 stone. Sometimes her weight has gone up to 12 stone, and even a pound or two over. The Duchess of York, whose weight before marriage was about 11 stone, is now somewhat heavier than the Queen. Yet Her Majesty's waist measurement is not less than 35 inches, whereas the Duchess May does not confess to more than 24.

Here is a little table of measurements of some Royal ladies which may afford food for interesting study:

	Height.	Bust.	Waist.
Queen Victoria.....	59	42	35
Queen Wilhelmina.....	60 1/2	42	34 1/2
Queen Marie Henriette.....	61	44	36
Queen Sophia.....	64	36	27
Queen Amelie.....	63	35	28
Queen Margherita.....	65	40	28
Queen Nathalie.....	63	38	28
Queen-Regent Maria.....	62 1/2	36	29
Empress Alix.....	62 1/2	32	22

Strictly Scientific.

Only One Pile Cure Which Can Be Considered Such.

The Pyramid Pile Cure is strictly scientific both in its composition and in its therapeutic action, and the best feature is that it is perfectly harmless. No ill effects ever result from its use.

The cure is accomplished painlessly by the astringent properties and healing oils contained in it, which cause the little tumors and congested blood vessels to contract and the obstruction to the circulation to be removed.

The Pyramid Pile Cure is in suppository form and far superior to any salve or ointment for convenience.

It is applied at night and absorbed into the sensitive rectal membrane, acting both as a local and a constitutional treatment.

One 50-cent box of the Pyramid has often been effectual, even in cases of many years' standing.

Relief from pain and itching is so immediate that patients sometimes imagine that the remedy must contain some form of cocaine or opium, but a careful analysis shows it to contain no cocaine, anaesthetic or injurious drug of any kind. It is guaranteed free from any deleterious substance.

The ligature treatment, the knife, or the still more cruel treatment by dilation, besides causing intense pain and sometimes collapse and death, are now known to have little value, as far as a permanent cure is concerned.

Thousands of pile sufferers bear witness to the value of the Pyramid Pile Cure, and even in cases where a dangerous surgical operation has failed to cure surprising results have been obtained from this remedy after a week's use.

A complete treatment of the Pyramid Pile Cure is sold by druggists everywhere at fifty cents.

The Pyramid Drug Company of Marshall, Mich., will mail to any address a little book on cause and cure of piles, and a list of cured patients from all parts of the United States.

"Tapping" is the Word.

VER in England they are using a new word to describe the process by which the tip is extracted. It was in England that that disgusting practice which destroys self-respect and which

is growing more popular in this country every day was invented, and it is therefore quite natural that any new wrinkle connected with it should come from John Bull's domain. We are all familiar enough with "tapping," which is the word by which the process is designated. When you have gone through the menu down to finger-bowls, and the garcon flits around you like a troubled spirit, now presenting a lighted match for your cigar, and now suggesting that perhaps there is something else you would like, he is "tapping." You know that he is not worried about your comfort or convenience, and you regard him with contempt, but you stamp yourself a coward before you leave the table by surrendering the coveted tip. You are not actuated by a spirit of generosity. You are afraid that the waiter will think you mean, and you permit yourself to be footpadded. Your barber gives you an extra hot towel and displays a certain solicitude about an ingrowing hair which does not exist, and you know he is "tapping," but you stand and deliver. And the boot-black who holds you up at the point of a brush before you reach the door is also rewarded for his pains. "Tapping" is a good word as applied to the man who extracts the tip. It is suggestive of the surgical operation resorted to in cases of dropsy. The brutal custom which has emphasized our frailty has not reached its height with us. But we are getting there rapidly. In Paris a waiter pays the proprietor for the privilege of waiting on certain tables. He depends on tips for profit. In this country the employer estimates the amount of tips his employee receives and fixes his wages accordingly. Hotel and restaurant proprietors have followed in the footsteps of the Pullman Car Company which long ago started the palace car porter in the footpadding industry. The dignity of labor which labor unions and economists love to prate about is rapidly disappearing. Organized labor should interest itself in this matter before it is too late. There can be no dignity to labor which exists on tips.

The Millionaire Burro.

The Millionaire Burro was self-made. He never had a pedigree. He was born to toil amid the rough life of the mountains. His companions were adventurous, eager for a "prospect," fond of a drink, seldom choice in their language, and just as seldom gentle toward the pack animal that carried their burdens up steep hillsides and down gullies in their search for hidden wealth.

In 1883 the *Coeur d'Alene* Mountains were known only as a picturesque range, where deer roamed almost unmolested by hunters, where trout leaped and multiplied in rushing streams, and where bears were commoner than men. But in the winter of 1883-84 the word flew abroad that these haunts of game were seamed with gold. The precious metal had been found on the north fork of the *Coeur d'Alene* River, and thither rushed thousands.

It was in September of 1885 that Cooper & Peck of Murray, Idaho, had grub-staked N. S. Kellogg, an old prospector, to look for gold. Part of the outfit was the burro. Kellogg found some samples of silver-lead ore, but an assayer told Cooper & Peck that this mineral was of insufficient value to be worth any trouble in that country, and as a consequence, the partnership was dissolved.

Kellogg, however, was not willing to give up. He showed his samples to Phil O'Rourke, an old Colorado miner, who recognized their value. The two immediately started out, laboriously packing their outfit on their backs. While entering the gulch at the mouth of Milo Creek, Kellogg deserted wandering in the solitude his companion of the last prospecting tour, the burro. When the partnership with Cooper & Peck had been dissolved the donkey had been turned adrift. The animal had wandered for two weeks, and now joyfully rejoined his old friend, and willingly carried the packs of the tired prospectors.

But the pair found only "Boat" or surface ore. Their search for a lead brought no results. One disappointed evening they made their camp and failed to tether the burro securely. In the dead of night the animal stole away. The next morning the two set out to find him, straining profanely as they searched. The tracks were plain, and wads of hair scraped off here and there against rocks and fallen logs helped them keep the trail. It led along and down a steep precipice that they had difficulty in descending.

Finally, after entering a canyon and following it some distance, they saw the burro, standing immovable on the side of a hill and gazing abstractedly across the canyon. The men stole cautiously forward, expecting a chase. But the burro remained like a statue.

When the pair reached the animal's side they found that he was standing on an outcropping mineral vein, while he was gazing at the spot where shortly afterward was found another outcropping of glistening galena.

At the place where the burro stood the Bunker Hill mine was located. Kellogg's name being signed as discoverer and O'Rourke's as witness. After talking the matter over, the two men concluded that if Kellogg was named as discoverer, Cooper & Peck might claim a share on the ground that their burro was part of the outfit, and that therefore Kellogg was still in grub-stake partnership with them. Consequently, the next morning the original notice was torn down and O'Rourke's name substituted as discoverer.

Returning to Murray, the prospectors showed their samples, and a stampede started—but nobody knew where the mine was. O'Rourke confided in "Dutch Jake" Goetz and "Con" Sullivan, however, and the latter two located the Sullivan mine at the point at which the burro had been grazing the day he stood on the Bunker Hill lode.

After many discouragements, the property was sold for \$1,500,000. Cooper & Peck sued for an interest in the mine, on the ground that the burro they had furnished in grub-staking was the real discoverer of the bonanza. Judge Henry Buck of the District Court of Idaho, at Murray, affirmed

Bear in Mind

the fact that every day shows increasing sales, thus increasing popularity.

LUDELLA

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has gained its reputation not because of extensive advertising, but the result of merit.

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their claim. In his decision he said: "This court is of the opinion that the Bunker Hill mine was discovered by the Jackass, Phil O'Rourke and N. S. Kellogg, and as the Jackass is the property of the plaintiffs, Cooper & Peck, they are entitled to a half interest in the Bunker Hill and a quarter interest in the Sullivan claims." The mines are now worth \$4,000,000. —Eugene B. Palmer in "Ainslee's."

Vengeance at Last.

A fashion note which is destined to be discussed in wood and meadow comes from Paris by the way of "Bird-Lore" and Ernest Seton-Thompson's pen. It runs:

The dames of France no longer wear The plumes they used to prize; They find that algreis in the hair Bring crow's-feet in the eyes.

All It Would Hold.

The giraffe—Say, Tuskey, lend me one of your stockings to hang up, won't you? The Elephant—Hang up your own! The Giraffe (pleadingly)—But I'd like to get something else besides a fishing-rod, you know.—"Town Topics."

Terrible to Think Of.

"Dis is terrible," said Meandering Mike, with a deep-drawn sigh. "What's de matter?" asked Plodding Pete, in alarm. "Here's a piece in de paper. It says we've got muscles inside of us that keeps up an involuntary action. Dey goes on workin', whether we want 'em to or not."—Washington "Star."

A Man of Resource.

First Politician—What made you kick that reporter down stairs? Second Politician—I wanted to have something said about me. I haven't been noticed in the papers for a week.

Ingenious.

"I wish I could think of some new and unusual Christmas-present to

surprise mamma with this year," said Miss de Muir, wrinkling her fair brow in deep perplexity. "How do you think she'd like a son-in-law?" hoarsely whispered young Spoonamore, falling readily into the only line of thought that seemed to suggest itself.—Chicago "Tribune."

To Relieve Suffering.

Mrs. Stingy—Oh, Clarissa, I saw such a sad thing to-day—a poor woman with a baby, shivering out in the cold, singing along the street. I never beheld anything so pitiful in my life. Clarissa (breathlessly)—Yes, aunt; what did you do? Mrs. Stingy (sighing)—Well, my dear, I was so upset that I actually had to go and have a cup of tea.

Pleasant For Auntie.

(Little Tommy has made a drawing of his Aunt Caroline. He shows it her.) Auntie—But don't you know, Tommy, it is very rude to draw caricatures of your aunt? Tommy—But it ain't a caricature. It's a real portrait—just like you! Papa says so.

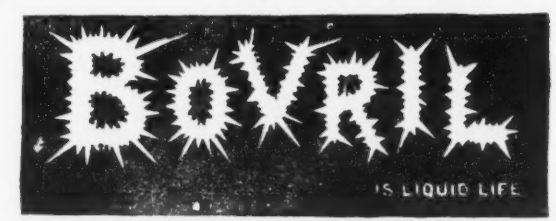
A colored lawyer of Washington, in arguing a dog case recently before a justice of the peace, stated that the question for the determination of the Court was, "If vociferous dogs shall be allowed to run at large in a dangerous community to bite little children that ought to be killed, when by summoning to magistrates they could condemn and kill them." The Court rather thought so, too.

A Canadian editor the other day published the following: "We expected to have a death and marriage to report this week, but a violent storm prevented the wedding, and the doctor being ill himself, the patient recovered, and we are accordingly cheated out of both."

When a woman begins to look into a mirror to see just how far she should open her mouth when she smiles, it is time to hide the family Bible.—"Town Topics."

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Rowland's Macassar Oil

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND R. SHEPPARD - Editor

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THE DRAMA



MAGIC, mystery, and occultism hold full sway at the Grand Opera House this week. The wonderful feats of the East, which we have incredulously listened to as travellers' tales, are reproduced on the stage, and are even less explicable when placed before our own eyes. How can one explain the sight of a man sitting on a chair and fading gradually away to nothing? How can you explain the chair growing faint and disappearing, leaving the sitter resting comfortably in the air, and changing little by little to a skeleton? A flower-pot is placed on a stool, and slowly an orange tree sprouts, bursts into leaf and blossom. Oranges straightway mature, finally ripen, and are distributed among the spectators. A girl floats horizontally in the air, and a hoop is passed around the figure and moved from end to end. Nothing supports it; what is the explanation? Is it any wonder that the people of the East are mystics, believers in the control of mind over matter, and other supernaturalities, when their fakirs, priests, or whatever they are, can do such marvels? A girl is shut up in a cabinet, which is shown to the beholders inside and out in all its parts. It is raised on castors a foot above the floor. The cage door is opened. Nobody is there. A moment after the girl comes running down the aisle from the back of the house. Again she is enclosed and the cabinet is pulled twelve feet above the stage by means of rope and tackle. Suddenly the blinds of the cage shoot up and reveal it empty. How is it done?

An interrogation point is the only way of punctuating anything said about Kellar and his wonderful exhibition. How? What? Where? When? Well, wouldn't that—that is about the gist of the information gathered by the average person who sat, and stared, and wondered, and learned nothing, at the Grand Opera House this week. There is absolutely nothing explanatory for the concrete mind to grasp. Mirrors, substitutions, skillful apparatus, may be glibly quoted about other entertainments of the kind, but not about Kellar, because the majority of his tricks are so openly situated on the stage. It is a wonderful exhibition. Lovers of mystery—and few of us are not—can marvel more at the Grand this week than at a most solemn session of table-rapping.

At Shea's this week the show is rather dull. There have been much better bills lately than the one for Christmas week, when theater-goers are presumed to be out in force. The two good turns are impersonations of various noted characters by Henry Lee, and songs by Charles Coburn, from the London "Alls. As both of these acts necessitated waits between the changes of costume, they, in spite of their merit, served to add to the dragging effect more or less apparent throughout. Clever and original are both of these "acts," however, especially the impersonation of Kipling and of Boss Croker of Tammany Hall. "The day is at hand when the Empire State will be the Borough of Manhattan. The Borough of Manhattan is Greater New York, New York is Tammany Hall, and, as I said before, I am Tammany Hall." Mr. Coburn's song about the benefit gotten up in behalf of a cove whose wife had died, leaving him no visible means of support, was a gem.

The Valentine Stock Company are playing a genuine melodrama this week in the good old traditional way. The piece is a typical specimen of a wholesome English melodrama, and though the blase theater-goer may be past this sort of thing, The Black Flag is still a very decent show. It contains an immense amount of morality, virtue, and heroism, and an exciting close proportion of villainy, vice, and crime. Of two half-brothers, one is smug and respectable on the surface and a blackguard underneath; the other is a good-natured, vagabondish sort of fellow. The hard old father elects to love the former and hate and despise the latter, which he does with an industry worthy of a baser cause in the case of the "vagabond." The respectable son "slugs" the old man with a loaded cane to get his money, throws the blame on to the other boy, and complications straightway commence. The father had previously turned his other son out of the house, continuing on this course of treatment in the case of the mother—and a howling storm raging at the time. Oh, he was a hard old man!

Of course everything comes all right in the fifth act. That's the beauty of the melodrama—you have the comforting assurance that things are bound to pick up in the end. In a tragedy, on the contrary, you know from the start happiness is not permanent. In a modern, realistic, true-to-life drama, you never know what to expect at all. So, after all, a melodrama has much to commend it. The Valentine Stock Company, in putting The Black Flag on this week, tackled something well within their range, and made a success of it.

Some silver-tongued astrologer must have cast W. J. Thorold's horoscope and told this enterprising Canadian playwright that Philadelphia is his lucky city, for it was there that his new play, Near the Throne, was tried for a week in October and scored a popular hit. Now it is announced that Near the Throne will begin its tour January 28th at the Park Theater in Philadelphia. After visiting Washington and several of the other large cities, the piece will be seen later in Toronto. In the cast will be Mr. Lawrence Hanley, who has a triple reputation; Miss Gertrude Lewis, a young California beauty, and Miss Frances Drake, of Lady Ursula fame. The costumes and scenery, it is said, will be on a scale of magnificence that will merit the play's being called a gorgeous spectacle.

Mrs. Craigie's play, The Wisdom of the Wise, which

was "booed" in London and set all the metropolis talking, has the slightest of plots. The relatives of the young Duke of St. Asaph deliberately try to wreck the happiness of his married life with his lovely bride. His great friend, Lord Appleford, has a misunderstanding with an "American" heiress, who leaves for Russia in the morning. So the young Duke goes to call on her at about half-past one a.m. at the Cosmopolitan Hotel, is pursued by his wife and his evil genius, Mrs. Ralph Wuthering, and then it is all over. The explanation is so simple, the Duchess is so fond of the Duke, and the lovers are united. The critic of the "Illustrated London News" contends that even a comedy of smart society cannot live by talk alone, and stands self-condemned if behind such chatter there is, as in Mrs. Craigie's latest stage-work, no story, no movement, no drama. "Tay Pay" O'Connor, in his paper, "M.A.P.," takes the opposite view. There is so little incident in the play, says he, "that it looks almost as if in an hour of great daring she had made up her mind to see whether she also could keep people spell-bound for some hours by the sheer force of witty conversation, and without any appeal, for even a moment, to the excitement and interest that come from the unrolling of a plot or the creation of incident and scene. So far as I was concerned, she succeeded; for I listened with all my ears to every word of the play; grew in the end to feel as if I were in a drawing-room, listening to the conversation of a number of clever people, every one of whom I knew; and the next day I found my mind recurring to the characters and scenes as though it were something in real life, and not merely a dream of passion."

Mrs. Craigie, who is not a fashionable woman, gives a curious glimpse of what she imagines to be the manners of the "best society." Ladies sit in a huge drawing-room after dinner with all the doors and windows open, and smoke cigarettes. A political pamphleteer pays a call on a Duke at eleven at night. About one in the morning five different people call on maiden ladies at the Cosmopolitan Hotel. Surely no hotel manager, even in the fashionable part of London, would allow this, having due regard to his next application for a license.

All discriminating theater-goers in Toronto are delighted to hear that Arizona, which made so great a hit here last year, will return to the Grand next week, after a long and peculiarly successful run in New York. It would be hard to say around which of the characters in Arizona the interest of the play centers. Augustus Thomas has mingled with the realism of this, his masterpiece, so much thrilling action that the drama has attained the perfect poise which throws all of the characters into bold relief. Denon, in the parlance of the old-fashioned melodrama, is



"BONITA"



"DENTON"



"TONY"

the "hero." He is a cavalry lieutenant, who, to save the reputation of his sweetheart's sister, resigns from the army and withholds confession of his love until Bonita, the sweetheart, is forced to take the initiative. This is done in a manner so graceful and womanly as to be irresistible. Bonita, the younger daughter of Canby, the ranchman, while perhaps the heroine is, in reality, merely a picturesque Arizona girl whose personality and surroundings infuse a deep interest into the threadbare but inexhaustible theme, love. Tony, the Mexican vaquero, in his naturalness, love-making, and fighting, indicates a breaking-away from the old methods which formerly hampered the drama. At the most serious and surprising times he breaks into "cuss-words," such as would be easily acquired on a cattle ranch where one was learning English by the conversational method.

Mr. Shea has selected J. E. Dodson, one of the most celebrated character actors of this age, as a headliner for next week. Mr. Dodson has jumped from Mr. Charles Frohman's Empire Theater Stock Company, and has given to vaudeville audiences a satisfactory and altogether worthy performance. Supported by an excellent company, he will appear in the one-act drama, Richelieu's Stratagem. It will be remembered by Toronto theater-goers that in Under the Red Robe, a very successful romantic drama, Mr. Dodson's performance of Cardinal Richelieu was regarded as a triumph. In Richelieu's Stratagem he will again impersonate the wily cardinal. Mr. Dodson was last seen in Toronto when he was featured as John Weatherly in Because She Loved Him So. Another feature of the show will be the Nine Nelsons, who give a great acrobatic act. Will C. Matthews and Nellie Harris will present a new farce by Will M. Cressy, entitled Adam the Second. It is said to be uproariously funny. Thomas J. Ryan and Mary Richfield will appear in their original creation, The Lunatics' Ball. Carroll Johnson, the minstrel, will have some new songs. This will be his first appearance in vaudeville in this city. Josephine Gassman and her pickaninnies always find a warm welcome in Toronto. Almost and Dumont, in their musical act called The Instrumental Hussars, will do a pleasing turn. May Evans is a pretty girl, and, moreover, an excellent whistler. Gyzene and Roma will present an electrical novelty, The Demon and the Fairy, which is said to be very good. There will be a special New Year's matinee, for which all seats will be reserved.

Mam'selle will be the offering at the Princess next week.

The Saskatchewan.

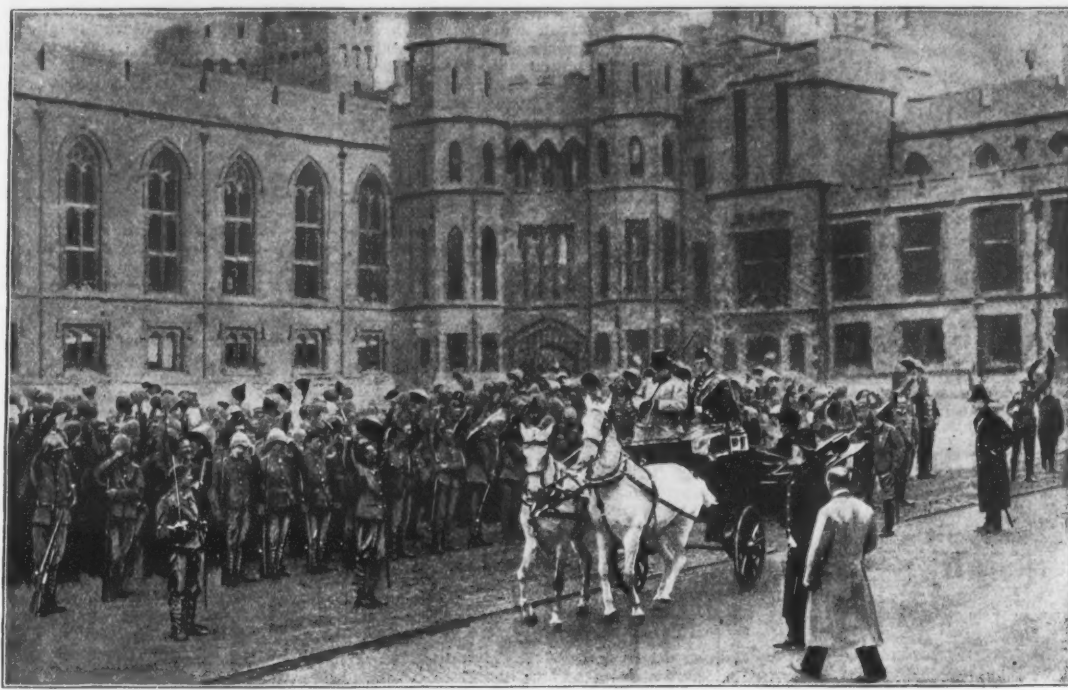
Far from the world, its factions, greed, and strife,
We live a peaceful life on Nature's breast,
Through all the pathless vastness of the West,
And know the Resurrection and the Life.

W. J. HOLT MURISON.

The Millionaire.

Wasted and all in rags his starved soul went,
And opulently paupered, he grew old,
And stood with loaded hands and heart forepent,
A beggar, with a million bits of gold.

—Arthur Stringer in "Ainslee's."



Her Majesty Inspecting Col. Otter's Troops at Windsor—"Three Cheers for the Queen!"

Notes From the Capital.

IT was disappointing to all those who had house parties over Christmas (and house parties were the fashion in Ottawa this Christmas), that ideal Canadian weather—as we like to designate fine, bright, crisp days—should have departed just when it was most required, and left us nothing but dismal grey days filled with misty rain. None realized this more than Lord and Lady Minto, whose house party was the largest and most important of any, and was made up of ladies and gentlemen who had crossed the ocean to enjoy winter in Canada. And then it rained on Christmas! It must have been very like an English Christmas after all. Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill was the greatest "lion" in the Christmas party at Rideau Hall, though there were minor lions. Mr. Reuter, of Associated Press Telegrams, the son of Baron Paul Julius de Reuter, the founder of the great Telegram Company, and a director until 1878; Mr. Cecil Baring, a brother of Lord Revelstoke's; Miss Plowden, Miss Grenfell, and quite a worthy lion, Mr. Charles Dana Gibson, completed the party. A dinner was given at Government House on Monday evening in honor of these guests. Mr. Justice and Mrs. Gwynne; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pope were invited to it; Miss Ritchie, Miss Gwendoline Grant and Miss Lola Powell were the only girls asked. Sir Sandford Fleming had a house party of twenty-two over Christmas; Mrs. Exshaw and Mr. and Mrs. Critchley were in this party. Sir Louis and Lady Davies had also many visitors, among them being Mr. Hyndman, of Winnipeg, who is the fiancé of Miss Ethel Davies. As usual, there were no formal functions on Christmas day, only large dinners of the semi-family description. There was a great deal of charitable work done this year, more, one fancies, even than other years. The May Court was not behind other societies in bringing Christmas cheer to the poor and suffering ones. At the Perley Home for incurables there was a Christmas tree given by the May Court, a very pretty one lighted with candles, and decked with the usual ornaments. There was a present on it for each of the inmates of the Home, and a number of the May Court girls went there on Christmas afternoon to distribute the gifts, and to give a little concert. There is a committee specially for the Perley Home, and every two weeks a short musical programme is given there. The poor people who pass their lives in the Home, enjoy these little concerts, which are a delightful break in the monotony of the days. The Christmas tree was a grand success. Then at every hospital there was a deputation from the May Court to present bouquets of flowers to each patient, and to give toys to the children. The Junior May Court this year dressed a great number of dolls, and these were given to the little girls in the hospitals. Considering the May Court is not, strictly speaking, a charitable organization, but intended more for mutual improvement among its members, it did remarkably well in good works this Christmas.

One hears much of the children's fancy ball which takes place on January 4th. It is not to be as large as one at first imagined. The dinner list has been taken, for it was found that as the fathers and mothers were to be invited, to go by any other list would be to overcrowd the ball-room and spoil the ball. The little girls are all delighted at the prospect of dressing-up in silks and satin in the fashion of a bygone period. Most of them want to wear powder and paint. But the boys—that is, a great many of them, whose ages are from ten to fourteen—say they won't go. I suppose their fond mamma's will insist, but there's going to be trouble. The ball begins at eight o'clock, which is rather later than most children's parties commence in Ottawa, and it is fortunate the very little ones are not invited. They would never keep their eyes open until eight o'clock came.

The Bachelors' Ball on New Year's eve promises to be a smart function. Here is a list of the men who are giving it: Mr. F. Anderson, Mr. E. F. Burrill, Mr. H. A. Burbridge, Mr. H. G. Code, Captain Bell, Mr. D. C. Campbell, Captain Fleming, Colonel Foster, Hon. S. Fisher, Captain Graham, Mr. A. Guise, Mr. E. H. Glenn, Mr. H. Hutchison, Mr. C. J. Jones, Mr. S. Macdonald, Mr. Leslie Macoun, Mr. F. Magee, Mr. W. McInnes, Mr. F. Newby, Mr. A. H. O'Brien, Mr. E. G. Osler, Mr. C. Pope, Mr. J. W. Pugsley, Mr. S. Piddington, Mr. G. G. Ruel, Mr. A. H. Rowley, Mr. J. A. Ritchie, Mr. M. St. John, Mr. H. S. Southam, Mr. J. F. Smellie, Mr. C. Stanton, Mr. L. Taylor. The ladies who will act as chaperones are Lady Grant, Mrs. Crombie, Mrs. Lavergne, Mrs. S. H. Fleming, Mrs. Egan, Mrs. Aberly.

Judge and Mrs. Gwynne intend giving a dance in honor of their granddaughter, Miss Marguerite Crombie, who has returned home from a visit of six months to British Columbia, principally Victoria and Vancouver. Cards are not yet out for this dance, but there is a rumor that it will take place on New Year's night, on which night, for several years past, Judge and Mrs. Gwynne have been the host and hostess at a large dinner, at which the after-dinner speeches, especially those made by the host himself, have each year since the institution of the dinner grown more brilliant.

Mr. and Mrs. Macleod Stewart returned home just in time for Christmas. They were passengers on the St. Louis, which arrived in New York on Saturday, and they hastened up to Ottawa. Christmas in the Stewart household is always a great function, though this year it was very quietly celebrated, as the family are in mourning for Mr. Macleod Stewart's mother, the head of the house, who died last spring. While in England, Mr. and Mrs. Macleod Stewart had the honor of being the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Argyll at the luncheon given by them at Kensington Palace for Colonel Otter and the Canadians. Lord and Lady Strathcona were other guests at this luncheon. The Duke, while Governor-General of Canada, was a great friend of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, and he and the Princess have kept up the friendship ever since, and have always given them a most cordial welcome when they visited England.

A cablegram was received last week by friends in Ottawa, announcing Captain Agar Adamson's safe arrival in England. He was ill in hospital at Pretoria for some time, and a little more than a month ago was invalided to England, where his wife, it may be remembered, has been taking a course at one of the large hospitals in the art of hospital nursing. Mrs. Adamson, who was greatly disappointed at not getting out to South Africa, may now find her training in the hospital of some use, though his many friends in Ottawa hope that Captain Adamson is well enough to do without nursing.

His Excellency the Governor-General goes up to Toronto this week to be present at the banquet given to Colonel Otter.

Mrs. Gwynne was the hostess at a nice tea early in the week, given as a welcome to Miss Crombie, and also to re-introduce her young guest, Mr. Ion Dalrymple Clarke, to many Ottawa friends.

AMARYLLIS.

Legislating Against Single Blessedness.

What a French Statesman Proposes to do With the Bachelor and the Bachelorette Girl.

ATTENTION has once more been directed to the curious fact that the average Quebecer succeeds in bringing into the world more children, man for man, than his fellow-Canadian in Ontario. Curious the fact is, because, in the cradle-lands of the French and British peoples, the reverse is the case—France's population being practically at a standstill, while that of England, Scotland and Wales multiplies exceedingly, and provides a great annual overflow for channels of emigration reaching out to all quarters of the globe. While Ontario's birth rate, according to the last annual report of the Registrar-General, is but 19.4 per 1,000 of population, Quebec's during the same period was 36.4 per thousand. The reasons for this difference are not clear—may, indeed, not be ascertainable; but one thing is certain—the land of the fleur-de-lys, of "conspuez!" and of cognac is not profiting by the example of her trans-Atlantic offshoot in the matter of replenishing the earth.

So serious has become the "problem of population" in France that legislators are commencing to bestir themselves about its future aspects, and a rather Utopian scheme for giving a fresh impetus to the birth rate is proposed. It consists of a tax on all single people and on married ones without children, the revenues thus collected going to the humble blessed with many offspring. The bill to give effect to the plan is the creation of M. Piot, a Senator, and will shortly come on for discussion in the French Upper House. There is said to be no very great possibility of its becoming law. But that such a bill is to be introduced by a serious statesman shows the drift of opinion amongst thoughtful Frenchmen.

In discussing the rather bizarre proposals of M. Piot, the Paris correspondent of an English paper points out that France's dream of becoming a great colonial power can never be realized under present conditions. If the Republic had the most perfect scheme of colonization ever devised by a heaven-born statesman and matchless philanthropist in one, the scheme would still be doomed to failure in its execution for want of the most indispensable element of colonization—namely, colonists. George III. wished to know why the inhabitants of Weymouth did not illuminate their town on the occasion of one of His Majesty's visits. "There are many reasons, Your Majesty," replied the Mayor. "Tell me one," demanded the king. "Well, for one thing, we had no oil," was the reply. "That reply is all-sufficient," laughed the sovereign, "you need not mention the rest." France is without oil. She has no colonists, because the term, taken in its most inward significance, means surplus population. In the rural districts the population is going backward year by year; in the great centers it remains stationary, notwithstanding the influx from the country.

As M. Piot's scheme is of interest outside of France, the amusing comments thereon of Mr. L. F. Austen, the well-known writer of "Our Note Book" in the "Illustrated London News," are worth reproducing. To the proposals of the French legislator, says Mr. Austen, "a misogynist retorts by demanding a tax on love, as the root of all mischief. He would have an army of inspectors to keep watch for flirtations. Any citizen found in conversation with a lady should be required to show that it was not of an amatory character. This ought to please Tolstoy in his lighter moods, if he ever has a lighter mood. He traces the ills of mankind partly to the error of resisting evil, and partly to the passion of man for woman. If we would leave off correcting criminals, and be as adamant, not as Adam, to feminine charm, the world would be a happier place to live in, as long as anybody was left to live in it. Perhaps a tax on beauty would help this philosophy. Huxley says in one of his letters that about thirty years ago he thought the womanhood of this island was 'going to the dogs.' He was alluding to the degeneracy of the physical standard. But, writing some ten years back, he declared that the daughters of Britain had grown fair and strong beyond all comparison, and he ascribed this development not merely to the greater freedom of physical exercises, but chiefly to the multiplying and the widening of women's aims and pursuits."

"Beauty has grown, to be sure, out of all bounds. A friend of mine, who travels much, is never tired of remarking to me, when he returns to London, upon the multitude of beautiful women he meets in Piccadilly. Now is your time, my dear Chancellor of the Exchequer, to tax such ravishing looks. If these are not discouraged by financial pinching, the disciples of Tolstoy amongst us will have very little scope for the application of his chief doctrine. Besides, the amulet of beauty is notoriously monopolized by one sex, and that is a grievance to thoughtful men. If you ask how it is to be remedied, and how the loveliness of woman is to be suppressed by taxation, I need only suggest that economic pressure may induce men to marry the plainest women, and leave the handsomest to pine unchosen. This plan would be difficult to work out; but after a generation or two of plain children, how free the world would be from jealousy and heart-burnings!"



Boating Accidents—Terrible Experiences of Two Men.



THE tales of the Georgian Bay would not be complete without an account of the experiences and sufferings of Noble T. Jolliffe, off the Grand Manitoulin in 1886, and Frank Henman, near Thornbury, in 1894. Jolliffe was captain and half owner of the trading schooner "Nellie," and he and his partner, Mr. W. Wright, traded around the shores of the Manitoulin Island, while Mr. Henman was captain and part owner of the trading schooner "Lady of the Lakes," trading between Thornbury and Parry Sound. Both were upset and had remarkable experiences, but while Mr. Henman suffered hours of suspense and torture, Jolliffe was nine days on his wrecked schooner without a bite to eat, and was partially in the water the whole of that terrible time. That he lived to tell the tale was as wonderful as were his experiences.

The little schooner "Nellie" had "seen better days," but her owners were doing a thriving business with her, and she was thought safe enough so long as no very heavy weather was encountered. It was on the 5th of June, 1886, that Captain Noble Thomas Jolliffe, formerly of Parry Sound, left Sheswigwaning, Manitoulin Island, for Serpent River, in the "Nellie," his partner having been called to Gore Bay on business. When about ten miles below Cape Roberts lighthouse, the schooner sprung a leak and filled with water in a very short time, when she rolled over on her side. The yawl boat broke loose as she rolled over and drifted out of reach of the lone mariner. Jolliffe climbed out of the water to the side of the schooner, and in this position drifted around the bay for two days, scorched by the sun's rays in the daytime and chilled by the cool air and his wet clothes at night. During the second night the old boat lost her mainmast, by its becoming "unstepped," and smashing itself out through the schooner's side. The foremast also broke off close to the deck, and the dismantled hull then righted and settled in the water to the deck. Weak as he was, Jolliffe managed to crawl over the side and seat himself on one of the forward thwarts, up to his waist in water. Three days more of torture were endured by this plucky man, his only sustenance being a bottle of whiskey, which he was fortunate enough to "fish" out of the submerged cabin. Early in the morning of the sixth day after the wreck, the schooner drifted on to a rock near the east end of John's Island. Here Jolliffe tried to break up part of the boat to make a raft on which to float ashore, but was prevented by weakness. Four days were spent by the man in awful torture at the island, almost within reach of safety, and while consciousness lasted, he had the mortifications of seeing several boats, schooners, and steamers go past without being able to attract their attention. Some Indians passed the stranded schooner on Thursday or Friday, but no one being in sight they made no attempt to reach the wreck. Reaching Gore Bay on Friday, the 11th June, they reported having seen the wreck, and when asked why they had not made certain no one was on board, they gave such unsatisfactory answers as convinced their questioners that they were too superstitious to go near the hull.

Wright, Jolliffe's partner, made every effort to get a boat to go in search of the captain, but did not succeed until Sunday, when he was able to engage the "Abigail," and started for the scene of the stranded wreck. Meantime Jolliffe had been found and taken off by a party of fishermen, who happened to pass that way, and they took him to Serpent River, where he received medical attendance. When the fishermen found Jolliffe, he was sitting in the boat, almost up to his neck in water, with his head lying on the bulwarks, barely far enough out of the water to save him from drowning, and quite unconscious. When he was restored to consciousness, Jolliffe was stone blind and his limbs and body were terribly swollen and paralyzed by being so long in the water. He was ill all summer, but recovered his health and strength, and is now living in Latona, Washington Territory, U.S. How he managed to live nine days in such a condition, almost entirely submerged in water, and without a bite to eat, is one of the mysteries of life that only He who created man can account for.

Captain Frank Henman and his brother David belong to Thornbury, and for several years past have been engaged in trading between Parry Sound and the south shore ports. David makes his home at Parry Sound during the summer months and sells the goods, while Frank navigates the schooner "Lady of the Lakes." In all kinds of weather this hardy seaman manages his little craft, generally alone in the early spring and late fall; but during the summer months, when sailing is a pleasure, he is often accompanied by some friends who go along for the trip and help him run the schooner.

About the 11th or 12th of October, 1894, Captain Henman pulled out of Parry Sound harbor in a stiff breeze, and headed for Thornbury. All across the Georgian Bay heavy weather was experienced, but by keeping somewhat before the wind, Captain Henman managed to run to within about three miles of Thornbury without accident. Just as the boat was squared away for the harbor of Thornbury, a heavy gust of wind struck her, and before Henman could "ease" her by throwing the rudder hard over and letting out the mainsail, the boat went over. Henman succeeded in getting on her side, and made himself fast by a line. Then began a terrible drift in the dark, for it was night when the accident happened. The sea was running high and the waves washed the unfortunate man almost off the bottom every few minutes; then the hull began to strain and split open in several places; into one of these slits the fingers of the almost drowned man slipped, and the next moment the crack closed on the fingers, enabling him, but in great pain, to maintain his hold on the boat.

Nearly fourteen hours Captain Henman spent on the bottom of his boat, and then he drifted ashore not far from his own home. Fortunately he was able to extricate his fingers from the crack a short time before the wreck reached land, when he let go and swam ashore, the boat following him up the beach as she was rolled over and over.

Captain Henman has now a new and larger "Lady of the Lakes," and is still engaged in the same business, having made his last run out of Parry Sound for this season on Tuesday morning of last week.

Santa Claus Reports.

AT a late hour on Christmas night a representative of this paper interviewed Mr. S. Claus, the popular old sleigh-driver, proprietor of the only team of reindeer in Canada. Mr. Claus is well known throughout the Christian world for his annual outbreak of philanthropy. In one night—Christmas eve—he crowds more charity into a pack-sack than suffices an ordinary everyday philanthropist, like Andrew Carnegie, or J. D. Rockefeller, for a lifetime. His name, in fact, has become a household word—children, of whom he makes a specialty, literally worshipping him, esteeming him as a native of some other and better world. Mr. Claus was anxious to explain his somewhat more

Two New Toronto Pastors and Their Wives.



REV. ALFRED GANDER AND MRS. GANDER, St. James' Square Presbyterian Church.

REV. A. B. WINCHESTER AND MRS. WINCHESTER, Knox Presbyterian Church.

than usual lateness in getting over his route this year. "Sleighing was bad this year, very bad, especially in the southern part of the province. We had more of it up north, and up there I soon got through; but down about the lower lakes it was awful. I had a gang of men shovelling snow on to Yonge street from Lake Simcoe down as far as Newmarket, all Monday night, and it was only after I saw that, with the shovels at our command, we could not possibly get sleighing as far as Toronto, that I left my men, still at work, and came on to Toronto in a buggy, arriving about 1.30 Christmas morning."

Asked as to how he had found business this season, Mr. Claus was quite enthusiastic.

"Never," said he, "never since I've been in the philanthropy business has there been a greater demand for the goods I handle. The population of the world as a whole keeps on increasing, and my business increases proportionately. In some lines, especially, I never saw anything like it. Guns, for instance, and other firearms—and swords—the demand is enormous. I got up a weapon for the trade—makes any quantity of noise, and does no damage. Well, sir, our factory has been working day and night since the day after Christmas last year, and still a large number of our customers had to be disappointed. If the war fever keeps up, I'll have to increase the plant."

"How about the drums, trumpets, dolls, etc.?" Santa Claus was asked.

"Oh, them! Like the hand-worked slipper and the scented pocket-handkerchief-holder, they're staples," said Mr. Claus. "The demand for them is eternal. If all the drums I've delivered this season were placed together like cedar blocks, they would make a pin-hole pavement two feet wide around the equator."

"Fancy work still asked for, you say?" "Still asked for? Well, I should say so. Old bachelors, ministers, and marriageable young men can't seem to get enough of it. Hand-worked slippers—why, one nice young preacher of the Methodist persuasion in a town not far from this city took forty-six pair. Handkerchief-holders and brush-and-comb cases with blue ribbon—I must have delivered twenty-five thousand in the city of Toronto alone."

Mr. Claus is looking hale and hearty in spite of the rush of business of the past week. He had a Turkish bath and a good sleep on Christmas day, delivering a few belated orders Wednesday morning by mail. He says the country as a whole seems prosperous, and the last Christmas of the century was perhaps the most successful.

S. H.

"Literature" Versus Newspapers.

THE man with the green goggles and the tear on the end of his nose had brought home the new almanac from the village drug store. The advent of the new almanac was one of the great events of the year for more than one family in that section of country. As an inexhaustible fountain of wit and wisdom, as a cheap compendium of "choice household recipes" and "information for the million," as a sure guide to health and a prognosticator of weather and crops, the almanac held a position even superior to the "Weekly Whisper and Granite Hill Advertiser." Naturally this was the case, because the author of the almanac was a veiled deity in a far-off city, while everybody within fifteen miles had been familiar for a score of years with Andy Lovatt, the ignorant "old soak" chiefly responsible for the irregular appearances of the "Whisper and Advertiser." Therefore, if the statements in Lovatt's columns at times were not in accord with those in the almanac, so much the worse for Lovatt! In B—the almanac was appealed to to settle everything from the best names for the latest twins to the date when Wolfe scaled the heights of Abraham. If you could produce the almanac in support of your particular contention, you won the argument and the drinks, every time.

Of course, there were several grades of almanacs, all occupying their respective places in the scale by common judgment and consent. First came the pale yellow almanac printed in Lowell, Mass., by a gentleman called Ayer. Next in order of merit stood the elegantly colored booklet bearing the honored name of Mother Siegel. Below these ranged the works of art and monuments of science compiled by Bristol, Green, and a dozen other distant philanthropists and benefactors. With what awe the people of B—conceded the moon's phases as revealed in these much-prized volumes! How they wondered "how them fellers knew fer sure!" What mystery dwelt in the signs of the zodiac, arranged round the curly-headed man with the mutilated stomach on the inside of the cover!

The individual I have already referred to specifically—he of the green goggles and moist nose—had brought home the brand-new 20th century almanac, and was buried in its contents by the side of the kitchen stove. His wife was rocking the baby, keeping an eye on the other children, cooking dinner, doing the Monday washing, and getting in wood. The man was chivalrously cheering his spouse's drooping spirits and warding off from her all threatened ennui by reading occasional choice scraps of wisdom, interlarded with delightful almanac jokes and riddles.

"Say, Abiathar, what goes through the water and through the water, and never touches the water?" "Give it up," said Abiathar, after pretending to think hard for a moment or two.

"An egg in a duck's stomach," exclaimed the goggled person, triumphantly, with a high cackling laugh at Abiathar's discomfiture. "Ah, here's truth for ye," he continued, after a minute's silence. "A wise woman maketh a rich husband, but extravagance is the forerunner of a mortgaged farm."

Abiathar was too busy rubbing out a pair of well-patched blue overalls to offer any comment, and the green goggles were again fixed on the printed page.

"When is a bed not a bed?" was the next of the abstruse problems offered for Abiathar's solution. Fortunately, she had worked that out fifteen years before at a church tea-meeting, and the laugh this time was on Goggle-eyes and not on her.

"Honesty is the best policy," read the man. "That's my sentiments. Didn't I pay the hull bill for your new 75-cent hat, although Mary Jane Matthews said it 'ud only be 45 cents, trimmin' an' all, an' the tarnation thing faded out after only two wettings?" But honesty pays, Abiathar, honesty pays."

Just then there was a rap at the door. Abiathar's apron wiped the suds from her arms and the perspiration from her face as she went to the portal, while her husband continued to snicker over his yellow-covered literature.

It was old Andy Lovatt, the editor, who stepped in.

There was red in his eye and fire on his tongue.

"Say, Si," said he, after a few curt preliminaries, "I ken 'round to see if y'u can't let me have somethin' on that five dollars y'u owe me on back subscription account. I can't live on wind, Si, and seein' that y'er not takin' the paper now I think y'u ought to settle up."

"That's a fact, Andy," said Goggle-eyes. "I ain't forgettin' y'u. I'm going to sell the three pigs to Joe Bergey this afternoon, an' I'll be in to pay y'u, sure!"

"Alright, Si. Remember now, I want the money. Fact is, I must have it. Good day, Si. Good day, Mrs. Winkham." And the "old soak" was gone.

"Pay him! I think I see myself," snickered the man with the green goggles and the tearful nose, as he settled himself once more to the almanac. "His danged old paper wasn't worth fifty cents the hull time. What's the use o' payin' fer papers when y'u can get almanacs free? 'D sooner hev one almanac then all the newspapers 'twixt here and Toronto. 'I'll pay Andy Lovatt when I git good an' ready."

Then, after a pause: "Why is a caterpillar like a loaf o' bread, Abiathar?"

Another pause. "Give it up, Si."

"Cause it's the thing that makes the butter fly! See? Got it on y'u that time alright, alright."

Si turned another page and read more highfalutin moral precepts to his deeply interested wife.

LANCE.

The "Crowd Habit."

EVERY idea we have is run into a constitution. We cannot think without a chairman. Our whims have secretaries; our fads have by-laws. Literature is a club. Philosophy is a society. Our reforms are mass meetings. Our culture is a summer school. We cannot mourn our mighty dead without Carnegie Hall and forty vice-presidents. We remember our poets with trustees, and the immortality of a genius is watched by a standing committee. Charity is an Association. Theology is a set of resolutions. Religion is an endeavor to be numerous and communicative. We awe the impenitent with crowds, convert the world with boards, and save the lost with delegates; and how Jesus of Nazareth could have done so great a work without being on a committee is beyond our ken. What Socrates and Solomon would have come to if they had only had the advantage of conventions it would be hard to say; but in these days, when the excursion train is applied to wisdom; when, having little enough, we try to make it more by pulling it about; when secretaries urge us, treasurers dun us, programmes unfold out of every mail—where is the man who, guileless-eyed, can look into his brother's face, can declare upon his honor that he has never been a delegate, never belonged to anything, never been nominated, elected, imposed on, or in his life?

Everything convenes, resolves, petitions, adjourns. Nothing stays adjourned. We have reports that think for us, committees that do right for us, and platforms that spread their wooden lengths over all the things we love, until there is hardly an inch of the dear old earth to stand on, where, fresh and sweet and from day to day, we can live our lives ourselves, pick the flowers, look at the stars, guess at God, garner our grain, and die. Every new and fresh human being that comes upon the earth is manufactured into a coward or crowded into a machine as soon as we get at him. We have already come to the point where we do not expect to interest anybody in anything without a constitution. There are by-laws for falling in love.

What this means with regard to the typical modern man is, not that he does not think, but that it takes ten thousand men to make him think. He has a crowd soul, a crowd creed. Charged with convictions, galvanized from one convention to another, he contrives to live, and with a sense of multitude applause and cheers he warms his thoughts. When they have been warmed enough, he exhorts, dictates, goes hither and thither on the crutch of the crowd, and places his crutch on the world, and pries on it, if perchance it may be stirred to something. To the bigotry of the man who knows because he speaks for himself has been added a new bigotry on the earth—the bigotry of the man who speaks for the nation; who, with a more colossal prejudice than he had before, returns from a mass meeting of himself, and with the effrontery that only a crowd can give, backs his opinions with forty States, and walks the streets of his native town in the uniform of all humanity. This is a kind of fool that has never been possible until these latter days. Only a very great many people, all of them working on him at once, and all of them watching every one else working at once, can produce this kind.

Indeed, the crowd habit has become so strong upon us, has so mastered the mood of the hour, that even you and I, gentle reader, have found ourselves on one brief moment, perhaps, in a certain sheepish feeling at being caught in a small audience. Being caught in a small audience at a lecture is no insignificant experience. You will see people looking furtively about, counting one another. You will make comparisons. You will recall the self-congratulatory air of the last large audience you had the honor to belong to, sitting in these same seats, buzzing confidently to itself before the lecture began. The hush of disappointment in a small audience all alone with itself, the mutual shame of it, the chill in it, that spreads softly through the room, every identical shiver of which the lecturer is hired to warm through before he begins—all these are signs of the times. People look at the empty chairs as if every modest, unassuming chair there were some great personality saying to each and all of us: "Why are you here? Did you not make a mistake? Are you not ashamed to be a party to—to as small a crowd as this?" Thus do we sit, poor mortals, doing obeisance to Empty Chairs—we who are to be lectured to—until the poor lecturer who is to lecture to us comes in, and the poor lecture begins.

When we turn to education as it stands to-day, the same self-satisfied, inflexible smile of the crowd is upon it all. We see little but the massing of machinery, the crowding together of numbers of teachers, and numbers of courses, and numbers of students, and the practical total submergence of personality—except by accident—in all educated life.

The infinite value of the individual, the innumerable consequences of one single great teaching man, penetrating every pupil who knows him, becoming a part of the universe, a part of the fibre of thought and existence to every pupil who knows him—this is a thing that belongs to the past and to the inevitable future. With all our great institutions, the crowds of men who teach in them, the crowds of men who learn in them, we are still unable to

produce out of all the men they graduate enough college presidents to go around. The fact that at almost any given time there may be seen, in this American land of ours, half a score of colleges standing and waiting, wondering if they will ever find a president again, is the climax of what the universities have failed to do. The university will be justified only when a man with a university in him, a whole campus in his soul, comes out of it, to preside over it, and the soul that has room for more than one chair in it comes out of it to teach in it.—From "The Dominance of the Crowd," an article in the "Atlantic Monthly" by Gerald Stanley Lee.

Scientific Charity.

AS a general rule, people seem to prefer paying somebody to do their charity for them, remarks an exchange. The average man doesn't care to be seen doing a good action—presumably, because he is afraid he will be expected to live up to it for the future. He sends his contribution to a fund, which may in time grow sufficiently large to provide a hungry committee with a little light refreshment, material and spiritual, while they kindly undertake the laborious task of deciding whether it would be discreet to give an entire loaf of bread to a hungry family of six, or whether it would only be encouraging them to contract thriftless and improvident habits. It is true that in giving away your own charity you might not take the pains to investigate each case so minutely as might be done by your committee. If you saw a man in an apparently starving condition, you might with criminal recklessness be induced to give him something to eat on the spot, without inquiring whether his pinched features were the real article, or whether he was only doing it for a lark. The committee will, of course, do the thing in a fair and business-like manner. They must first of all impress upon him that just because he has the good luck to be a starving man, he should not give himself airs about it, or imagine that he's above the common run of people on that account. As soon as he has satisfied his benefactors that he is quite sober, he must fill up a form declaring that he has been properly vaccinated, and must also state the number of times he has been in prison, and how soon he expects to go there again. If he has been without food for several days, the fact must be attested by two competent witnesses, and, if possible, by the clergyman of his parish. His case should then be adjourned for a fortnight, on the expiry of which period, if he is still sober and respectable, he may call again.

Her Suggestion.

Under the mistletoe bough I kissed her,
Kissed her full on her fragrant lips.
Who but a Jesuit could resist her?
Who could refrain from such honeyed sips?
And I? Well, I am no bandsman, masters,
I am none of your friars and lasters;
I take my joys as they come to me,
So I kissed her there, where the world might see.

Under the mistletoe bough I kissed her,
Kissed her full on her red, red lips.
And she? Well, she is no saintly sister,
No cloistered vow is her heart's eclipse.
She did not even pretend resistance,
But smiled instead at my bold insistence,
And whispered low in my listening ear:
"Let's keep the mistletoe up all year."

—Susie M. Best, in "Town Topics."

Mr. Hayden's "Strenuous" Hen.

The grittiest hen in America lives in Alsea, Oregon. Her right to be called brave has been tested, and, says the Corvallis "Times," she is not only a brave hen, but a "strenuous" hen.

She belongs to one of the Hayden brothers. They also own a threshing machine, which was taken out of the shed for the first time last week, and a small field of grain was threshed to see that the machine was in good running order.

After the job was finished, the machine was returned to the shed, when, to the amazement of all, there in the corner of the separator sat the strenuous hen.

Under her was a nest of eggs that she was endeavoring to hatch. She had been on the nest when the machine was taken out.

She was there when the belts and pulleys began to whizz, when the fan began to sing, and when the riddlers began to shake and rattle. The wind from the fan ruffled her feathers and almost took her breath; but, like the boy on the burning deck, she stayed at her post. What her thoughts were when the swift cylinder began to chew up straw cannot be guessed.

When found she was uninjured. There was dust in her mouth and a somewhat frightened look in her eye, but she was on her nest. Of the eggs, all were safe save one.

Alexander Muir's Song in London.

A correspondent of "Saturday Night" in London, England, writing about the change that has come over English opinion and information with reference to Canada, remarks:

"A year ago the title of Canada's national song would have been set down as a bore or a concerto by Cowen, or, perhaps, Parry. Now it is not only known for what it is, but the gamins of the metropolis whistle it—and not untriumphantly—while the words are more generally known than would be easily believed. This is not unlike a version which I heard sung the other day by a troop of factory hands:

Hin d'ys hoi yaw, fr'm Briten's shaw,
Wolfe, th' dauntless 'ero kime,
Han' plann'd firm Britannier's flag
Hon Canader's fair domine;
Long m'y she wive ho'er lan' han' sea,
Till rocks han' fores's quiver;
Gawd sive hour Queen han' Heving bless
The Miple Leaf for hever.

"Indeed, the barrel organ minus 'The Maple Leaf' in its repertoire has a poor look-out."

Some Literary Notes from "Life."

The editors of "Scribner's Magazine," fully alive to the demands of readers, announce for the forthcoming year that no novel by J. M. Barrie will appear in the magazine.

It is said that during the coming year Mr. Marion Crawford will read his own works through, a task that before this he has never had the time to accomplish.

Miss Marie Corelli has been having her imagination made over and refitted. A lot of new material has been added, and some entirely new and gorgeous effects may be expected for the coming year.

Some of the reviews of books in the "Bookman" have been so good of late that they are going to be set to music.

Mr. Frank A. Munsey will shortly offer a prize of a million dollars to anyone who has ever read anything he ever wrote for his own magazine. Mr. Munsey is said to be the Russell Sage of Magazinedom.

Hall Caine and Alfred Austin are thinking seriously of having themselves dramatized, and, if they carry out their plan, will appear soon in this country as rivals to the Rogers Brothers.

A Thoughtless Husband.

Mrs. Beaver (in sub-marine residence)—Heavens, George! Why didn't you wipe your feet before you came in? There, you've gone and muddled up the atmosphere so I can hardly see past my nose!

TRANSPORTATION—RAIL AND WATER.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

New York, Cherbourg, Southampton, Bremen
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Thursday, Jan. 3, 10 a.m.
 Trave, Tuesday, Jan. 15, 10 a.m.
 Lahn, Tuesday, Jan. 22, 10 a.m.
 Trave, Tuesday, Feb. 12, 10 a.m.
 Lahn, Tuesday, Feb. 26, 10 a.m.
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tuesday, March 5, 10 a.m.

New York, Bremen
 Oldenburg, Thursday, Jan. 3, 10 a.m.
 Prinzregent Luitpold, Thursday, Jan. 10, 1 p.m.
 Koeln, Thursday, Jan. 17, 1 p.m.

MEDITERRANEAN

GIBRALTAR, NAPLES, GENOA
 Kaiserin Maria Theresia, January 12, 10 a.m.
 Jan. 19, Kaiser Wm. II., Jan. 26, Aller, Saturday, Feb. 2, 11 a.m.
 Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Saturday, Feb. 16, 11 a.m.

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On February 27, 1901, the Wabash Railroad Company will run their second personally conducted and select party of 60 people for a grand thirty-day tour of Old Mexico, the Italy of North America. This will be by far the grandest and most comprehensive tour ever run by any railroad company in the world. This will be a chance of your life to see this grand old land of the Montezumas. All principal points of interest will be visited. The train will be the finest ever seen in this country, consisting of Dining, Sleeping, Observation and Baggage Cars built specially for this trip. The route will be over ten different railroads, covering 7,000 miles of travel. Full particulars with itinerary of this wonderful trip at Wabash Railroad Office, northeast corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.
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Anecdotal.

Alexander Dumas, pere, was once asked by an officious interviewer: "You are an octopus, are you not, Mr. Dumas?" "Certainly," "And your father?" "He was a quadruped."

A Display at The Bookshop

Beautiful Art Calendars

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"And his father?" "A mulatto, sir, a mulatto!" "And his father?" "A negro, sir, a negro!" "Might I presume so far as to ask what his father was?" "An ape, sir, mon Dieu, an ape! My pedigree ends where yours commences!"

Lord Kelvin once surprised his class by the quick and amusing manner in which he solved a problem on "sound." In the midst of an experiment, Lord Kelvin had ceased lecturing, and was silently watching, along with most of the students, the progress of the experiment. There was a dead silence, which was suddenly and rudely broken by the sound of a marble, which an inattentive student had purposely dropped, and which continued to roll and drop, drop, drop down all the tiers of benches till it reached the ground floor. Meanwhile Lord Kelvin had quickly turned round and observed where the marble emerged on to the floor. He counted back the number of times he had heard it drop, and requested Mr. X— of the seventh tier to see him after the lecture. The Professor had "spotted" the culprit.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, who in The Likeness of the Night have lately added one more success to their unbroken record, had the curious experience of being married twice in the same day. On the morning of their marriage they received news that unexpected circumstances made it necessary that they should take the parts of Rosalind and Orlando in As You Like It the same evening. The play went smoothly until they came to the passage: "Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?" "I will!" answered Orlando, and instantly the audience broke into applause, so unexpected that Rosalind could not for a moment understand the cause. "Then," says Mrs. Kendal, who relates the story in The Days of My Youth, "it dawned upon me that everyone in the theater knew of our marriage that morning."

Dr. Russell Cool, a prominent San Francisco dentist, tells a good story on himself. One day while journeying to San Mateo in a smoking car with a friend and a cigar, he suddenly resolved to swear off the weed. Turning to his friend he said: "I'll agree with you to quit smoking for a month, with the understanding that if either of us breaks the agreement he shall buy the other a suit of clothes." The friend said he was quite willing to enter into such an agreement, and thereupon Dr. Cool threw away his cigar. It was easy enough the first day to abstain from smoking, but the following day Dr. Cool found himself in a most nervous condition. Several times was he tempted to purchase a cigar, but he struggled against temptation without, however, overcoming the desire. The weeks went by and Dr. Cool longed for the month to end, resolving never to swear off again. Finally the day arrived when he was free to smoke, and with a fine Havana in his mouth, he called on his friend to ascertain how he had fared. "Did you break the agreement?" he asked. "I never used tobacco in my life," was the reply.

Now is the season for whist stories. A good one was told by Mr. Everett, the United States Minister to St. James' in the early days of the Queen's reign. He was presented to Her Majesty, together with the Neapolitan ambassador, and afterwards Lord Melbourne informed them that they would be expected to join in a game of whist with the Duchess of Kent, "I plead but a very poor game myself," said his Lordship; "and, in fact, I scarcely understand it; but the Duchess is very fond of it." "And I am a very bad player," declared the Neapolitan, adding, to the Yankee, "and should I chance to be your Excellency's partner, I beg your forbearance in advance." Mr. Everett, in his turn, averred that he also knew very little of the game, and then the three dignitaries, in their full State attire, were conducted to the Duchess of Kent's apartments in the Castle. She soon played with the one with whom she began a lady-in-waiting took her place behind her, the Duchess remarking, "Your Excellencies will excuse me if I rely upon the advice of my friend here, for I must confess that I am really a very poor player." And so they all passed an hour of perfect boredom, which etiquette forbade them to decline.

The Flitting of the Wrens.

Turkey and Other Things.

ONE day, coming home in the gloaming, I fell over boxes and bales in the hall, and was forthwith presented with an apology from a dark corner. "We'll be clear soon," it was the arrival of the Wrens! The "things" swung up and were presently dumped, scraped and rolled in an appalling manner overhead. Several times the lad and I said "Glory be!" as the "things" threatened to arrive through the ceiling on to the tea-table, and until a shocking late hour the noises overhead were of a description entirely at variance with the proportions of the Wrens, who are two small, slight, brown persons, quite inadequate to the elephantine tramps and the whale-like flops which shook the upper regions. The Wrens flitted up and down the stairs with a fleetness and a lightness I have never seen equalled, but once arrived in their sky parlors, their manner of locomotion changed. Mr. Wren apparently progressing by hand-springs, dragging Mrs. Wren by the hair of her head, and colliding with every movable thing! Then, a queer noise began one day, which sent us to our entrance door to let in knocking callers several times before one of us pointed skyward and said: "The Wrens have got a dog, and the dog has got a flea" (for all the world like a kindergarten song, was it not?). You'd be surprised what a row those three young things could make—Mr. Wren, Mrs. Wren and the cocker spaniel. I omit the flea, because naturalists tell us a flea is a grandfather in twenty-four hours, and consequently seems to have no youth to mention. I became

quite fond of the Wrens, in spite of their emphatic movements, and did not resent the driving of a million carpet tacks one entire Sunday when I did not dine out, nor the flopping, of all manner of immodest garments on an air-line above my sitting-room windows one day when smart people were calling. The bright faces and the merry voices of the Wrens and the dear brown eyes of the small cocker spaniel made amends. Mr. Wren continued to flit, and I noticed the shadow of care beginning to cloud his bright eyes, and the hours of his flittings to become erratic. A short while ago chance took me into the confidence of the Wrens, who have flitted away, I am sorry to say, from the sky parlors. Mr. Wren, for all his brightness and alertness and clever ways, had found the city without one opening for him. Full of hope, he had brought his patriotic Canadian bride to settle in her own country, and set out to find work. It seems to me so strange that he needed city references, when he carried those bright eyes and that alert, neat footstep and the general air of never letting anything pass him which one buys a horse for! Quality, action and nerve don't go without city references. Temperance writ in the eye, youth and ambition in the movement, a bonny, hard-working wife at home, some knack of taste, and energy unlimited, have gone back to the "States" for lack of city references. The sky parlor is empty, just a few feathers of straw and paper and scraps of oil-cloth have the Wrens left! The wee doggie is locating fleas somewhere else, and the census of the city is minus the Wrens, who, I rather think, are a loss. At all events, I miss them!

I can remember when the question regarding the Christmas turkey used to be, "How large an one can we secure?" That was in the old home, when the table was set with leeks, and the bouquet was of crisp, white celery, and the pudding was a noly and august creation, at which our eyes gazed with humble reverence, while our mouths watered, and a second helping of which never gave our hardy tummies the smallest inconvenience. But now when the turkey is selected we go cannily and seek the acquaintance of some debutante bird, say six pounds or so. How small can we get it? Our turkey was a perfect lady—so plump and white and well shaped; no crooked breast-bone, from sitting awkwardly to roost. She had always held herself properly and gracefully, and I am sure was of good turkey blood. "You dear little thing!" I soliloquized, as I basted her and saw her taking on her becoming coat of tan like a Muskoka belle. "You'll be a tender morsel," and really, I felt like a cannibal when I carved her! One's Christmas pudding is a rare joke. The mammoth shops sell puddings at auction on Christmas Eve, the best little puddings you ever saw—done up in dingy little bags—bear we ones, the size of a cannon ball, just enough for "us." "How many for you? Forty cents apiece. Take two? Here you are!" and flying your way come two little cannon balls, with their dingy petticoats tied snugly in. Webb's best, says the auctioneer, and maybe they are. Very good, anyway!

A sour man talked to me on Monday. "Hang Christmas! I've no use for these anniversaries," he said, grimly. "An excuse for over-eating and drinking, and false sentiment and wrong notions and compulsory doles and demands one can't honestly meet." There are persons who talk so. I am sure you've heard them. Just fancy! No letters from those good souls who never let the holy day pass without sending the white-winged messengers across the sea? No grip of honest hand and thrill of loving voice? No drawing of the hearts of us together, no merry giving and sweet acceptance of the good wish that costs nothing and is so precious? I believe if any one person could succeed in abolishing Christmas Day observances for one year, the world would arrange a hanging for the second recurrence, and the suspended entity would be identical with the one who said "Hang Christmas," as my sour man did last Monday. I sent him a calendar, so that he might "hang" something!

All these reasons why Christmas is good to have and to hold pale before the real reason. You and I, who think sometimes quietly by ourselves things we would not spoil by putting into words, know that there is a subtler, stronger and better reason outside the getting and the giving, the warming of the heart and the answering glow. To this unspoken thought we bow the head and bend the knee. No word is large and sweet enough to express it, no act great enough to return it. In its sacredness and mystery and its hold upon our highest and best nature, we enjoy it, the holiest, brightest, strongest inspiration of the many that lift our human lives to the divine, and brush away the bats of doubt and discord which we call sin.

LADY GAY.

Whatd'yuhget?

All the week this sound rings in your ear—
 Whatd'yuhget?
 It's only heard this time of year—
 Whatd'yuhget?
 It's spoken by both old and young,
 From all directions it is flung;
 In every land on earth it's sung—
 Oh, whatd'yuhget?

Another sound, like unto this—
 Thankyameetuh!
 Though hard to say, you cannot miss,
 Thankyameetuh!
 It comes you do not know from where,
 It seems to permeate the air;
 You say to the words yourself and stare—
 Thankyameetuh!

London "Answers."

Met on a Screen.
 One of the happiest uses served by that wonderful and many-named invention, the moving-picture machine, appears in a story told in the London "Music Hall."
 A party of gentlemen were watching the pictures, when in one of the South African scenes they recognized an offi-

cer friend. The wife of the officer, on being told of this, wrote to the manager and asked that this picture might be put on on a certain evening, when she would purposely journey from Glasgow.

A Mountaineering Incident.



Voice from Above—For heaven's sake be more careful, Smith. Remember, you've got the whisky!—Punch.

"Our baby seems to have a natural taste for the piano." "Indeed!" "Yes; he's gnawed half the polish off one leg."

At Sea.

O we go down to sea in ships—
 But Hope remains behind,
 And Love, with laughter on his lips,
 And Peace, of passive mind;
 While out across the deeps of night,
 With lifted sails of prayer,
 We voyage off in quest of light,
 Nor find it anywhere.

O Thou who wroughtest earth and sea,
 Weepest from our eyes
 The shores of an eternity
 In calm of Paradise,
 Blow back upon our foolish quest
 With all the driving rain
 Of blinding tears and wild unrest,
 And wait us home again.
 —JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY in "Home Folks."

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Cris—Not much sign of age about you, and development isn't advanced. By all means buy the Whitley Exerciser. It will do you a lot of good. See that you use it in a very cool room, and let in plenty of fresh air. You need to rely upon yourself, and don't pay too much attention to what others say. You are practical, honest, conscientious, and painstaking, hopeful, sensible, and with good judgment and sequence of ideas. Think of your good wishes. Every well-wisher helps things.

Viola L.—Another well-wisher! You are bright, dashing, and a bit over-hasty, not logical, good natured, amiable, remarkably discreet in bestowing confidence, considering your development in general. Do I think you are capable enough to be picked to pieces. You have the material for a sterling character, if you will train and develop it properly.

Chuch.—There is a good deal of go and enterprise in this study. The temperament is pessimistic, and the tendency is to express a gloomy view of things. Writer isn't famed for discretion, but is always of an affectionate nature, probably just "say things" for good meaning much by them. A love of power and wish to rule are shown. Writer has not taken much pains with self-culture, and that is a pity, for decided ability and force are shown.

L.J.A.—It's a magnetic, ambitious, and perhaps speculative mind. Impetuous, adaptable, capable of affection, and likely to say more than it can live up to. The impulse is erratic, and the writer can at times be easily influenced, at others is most determined and obstinate. At the same time, writer would never be wearisome, nor would those best-known fail to spoil him or her. To keep your own counsel, to respond easily to affection, to have the will to dominate but not always the force, are some of your characteristics.

Eventide.—You are indeed young enough. I don't believe I can make much of your writing. You will never be caught napping, for you know very well how to take care of yourself, and are a trifle mistrustful of the world in general. Do I think you are capable of love? Rather! but be sure you don't fall in love with a man you distrust. You're lead him and yourself a dog's life.

Edna.—You are pleasant-tempered, refined, and somewhat critical, very imaginative, and inclined to be sensitive, ambitious to excel, and to be conspicuous. You love display, and judge a good deal by appearances, are over-confident and frank at times, not very discreet, but will, by grace of manner and charm, probably be enabled to do things without rebuke which others dare not. Some materialism and undue emphasis mars your impression, but the general nature is sympathetic, tactful, and ingratiating. You are, perhaps, too confiding, and apt to express opinion.

Little Dutch Gretchen.—You are a child of the air, fluency, fancy, and facility are yours. The Zodiacal sign under which you were born is Gemini, the Twins, Castor and Pollux, and their two minds are in you. It may be hard for you to settle down to know just what you want. You are loving and somewhat impressionable, willful at times, but always charming. You are bright and intuitive, not a very logical person, your thoughts fly too quickly and sometimes you can achieve the impossible. I don't fancy they last long. You like to rule, but can't take the trouble and force to do so; you have bright sense of humor, and a good deal

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of courage. I forget the sister, but if she's like you, she's all right.
 "American."—It is rather a posing study, a bit on the defensive. I fancy the writer is sharp in her judgment, and disposed to be a bit of a critic. Tenacity and a generally practical mind are indicated. Writer is keenly sensitive, but also proud, and has a strong dislike to unconventional ways and doings. A spirit of tradition, docility to control, and great dignity are shown in this writing, which belong to a most interesting style.

Wise Head.—X.Y.Z.—Please read rules. I don't want all the letters of the alphabet. I do want some capitals, and a few coherent sentences. Not a freak phrase. Try again, my friend.

Park Row, Oct. 28.—Just a little more patience and you would have seen your answer. This letter was quite unnecessary. Hope you did not miss it.

Maud.—Stubborn, independent, and easily influenced? I think not. The person who is stubborn isn't easily influenced, nor is the markedly independent one liable to look to others for guidance. Without intending to hurt your feelings, I may say that's rather an unconsidered question of yours. Your writing shows much immaturity, generous and somewhat tenacious mind, prudence and caution, no decided ambition, generally quick and bright perception, and many of the irrational impulses of youth. I am sure there's good stuff in you which time will develop. You are certainly honest, probably courageous, and also self-willed.

Helen.—Thank you, my dear. I have begun pretty well, and so far the time

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The Well-Dressed Man.

WHENEVER I go to the play, or to one of the restaurants or hotel dining-rooms, I am impressed by the number of men who wear dinner jackets, instead of the long-tailed evening coats which they should have on. Many appear to be men of good social position, who look as though they ought to know better, and I wonder anew that this simple and correct rule of dress should be so little observed. Instead of becoming less frequent, after all that has been said on the subject, the abuse of the dinner coat seems to grow more general, and the tendency to put it upon the same level as full evening dress seems to be increasing. Probably none of the men mentioned would ever think of wearing a dinner jacket to a dance or to a formal dinner party, but still if there is to be no distinction between it and the long-tailed coat, why draw the line there? The dinner coat was never intended as a dress garment; it is nothing more than an evening sack jacket or lounging coat, and to wear it upon occasions of even the slightest formality is as absurd as it would be to wear a morning dress to a dinner. The abuse should be stopped if we are to preserve any semblance of proper dress, for custom makes fashion and there is no telling where custom may lead.

It is impossible to lay down exact rules for the wearing of clothes, except to cover individual cases, because common sense is the chief guide, and circumstances necessarily play an important part, but I may be able to give some general information regarding the occasions upon which a dinner suit is good style.

The name itself seems to me badly chosen, because it rather implies that the coat may be worn at any dinner, instead of merely at those of the most informal character or those attended only by men. At home, when only the members of one's own family are present, at dinner and during the evening, a short jacket is proper even if callers merely drop in unexpectedly. But if others have been asked to dinner or for the evening, a long coat should be worn. If a man is asked to dinner at another house when women may be expected to be of the party, or he is asked for the evening, or merely goes to call unexpectedly, he should wear a long-tailed coat. When dining alone or with other men at a club or a restaurant, the dinner coat is correct, and it is correct for the theater when a man is alone or in the company of men only, but when going to the play in the company of women or for dining at a hotel or restaurant in the company of women, full evening dress should be worn. There are occasions when a man must wear his dinner coat in the company of ladies, as, for

A Guilty Conscience.



Johnnie—Whew! Now I wonder who told dem dat I sneaked in wit'out paying—Life.

instance, when he has gone to the theater or to a restaurant alone, with these people whom he knows, and is asked to join their party, but in such cases allowances will be made for his dress, and the occasions are not of frequent occurrence. Here common sense governs the matter, as it would of course be absurd for a man to decline such an invitation merely because he felt that he was not properly dressed.

For any dinner, no matter how large or formal in character, at which men only are present, the dinner jacket may be worn, but at all times and for all occasions even of the slightest formality, when women are of the direct party, the long-tailed coat is correct. It may safely be said that on no occasion is the dinner coat more proper than the full evening coat. It is much more usually worn at the clubs, and when dining or going to the play with men, but the long coat would be as correct at any time, and when there is any doubt as to which to wear, full evening dress is by far the safer choice. Do not, however, make the mistake of combining the two, or of wearing with either articles which belong to the other. As I have said many times before, no other than a white tie should ever be worn with a long-tailed coat, and a black tie should always be worn with a dinner coat. Although it is equally true that with a dinner jacket a white waistcoat should never be worn, either a white or black waistcoat may be used with the long coat. Nowadays a white waistcoat with full evening dress is so much more usual than a black one that the former has come to be considered somewhat the more proper, as it undoubtedly is the smarter and better looking, particularly for the opera-dinner or a ball. Again, with full evening dress white gloves are correct even for street or car, while at a dinner or dance they are essential, but with a dinner coat on the street or at the theater tan gloves are proper. A high hat should always be worn with a long coat, whereas with a dinner jacket the Derby, or perhaps the alpine is the only one permissible. Personally I think the Derby is better style than the alpine, because it is more used by smartly-dressed men, but the matter is one purely of individual taste. As the hat is taken off when the overcoat is removed, a man may, if one likes, wear a high hat with a long outer coat over the dinner jacket. With a short top coat the high hat is not proper, but with long overcoats it usually looks better than a Derby, especially with coats which have a well-marked waist like the Kennel and the Newmarket. Again, although pearl studs are smartest with full evening dress, plain gold are generally better with a dinner jacket. These things are not arbitrary rules of fashion; they are founded upon considerations of actual looks and that undefinable element known as good style.

The boots or shoes worn with a long coat or a dinner jacket suit are, generally speaking, alike. One may wear pumps with full evening dress for dancing, which would not be proper with a dinner coat, but otherwise while it occurs to me, that low shoes the same footcovering will do for either—that is, patent-leather ties or rather light patent-leather buttoned boots with kid uppers. The latter are the more usual as well as the more prudent during the late autumn and winter weather. I may say here should always be put on with the help of a shoe-horn; for if shoes are at all tight around the ankles, and one attempts to get into them without the horn, the backs will soon weaken and wear out. This bit of advice falls under the head of the care which should be given to one's wardrobe, and that subject I have for some time had in mind for discussion, as it is of the greatest importance if one wishes to dress well.

If a man is not sufficiently fortunate to have a valet the habit of taking care of his clothes from day to day is a most valuable one, for upon it depend the looks and wear of garments. To begin with the hat: whenever it is taken off before being put away it should be carefully brushed with a soft brush to remove the dust and dirt that are certain to have accumulated on it during its use. The silk hat should always be kept in a covered box, never being left to stand for any length of time resting on its brim. It does not weigh much, but if put away or usually allowed to rest in this manner, the little weight will soon flatten the brim and cause it to lose its curve and shape. The same statement may be made in regard to an opera hat or a Derby; the latter of which should always be hung up when removed, and it should receive a careful brushing at least once a day. The opera should never be folded when put away and out of use, as the silk

will crease and crack if allowed to remain long crumpled. Whenever a suit is taken off it should be well brushed, the coat and waistcoat hung carefully over a hanger and the trousers neatly folded in their proper creases and put away. Many materials show dust scarcely at all, and if judged simply by looking at them they do not seem to require brushing, but the dust is there, nevertheless, and if allowed to remain it will soon give the cloth a dingy, rusty appearance. For some materials, such as silk, satin and velvet, it is best to use a soft brush, but for the rougher and harder materials of which clothes are made there is nothing so good as the stiff bristles of the whisk-broom. An occasional beating with a stick or cane, as one would beat a rug, followed by a good brushing, is often beneficial for clothes, as it brings out the dust that has sunk well into the material. Waistcoats should be folded or hung with the coat upon a hanger; personally, I think the latter is the better way of keeping them. Hangers with fairly broad wooden arms are the best. If trousers are kept piled one pair on top of another, their own weight will serve to keep them creased, but perhaps the better way is to hang them up in a regular trouser-hanger, one of which will hold several pairs, clamping them, after having folded the legs in the exact creases, directly at the bottoms, and allowing them to hang down by their own weight.

It does not seem to occur to most men that their ties need brushing as much as do their hats and suits, and yet a moment's reflection, or a glance at a white evening tie that has been once or twice worn, is sufficient to remind one of the dust that is continually flying about in the air and settling upon everything alike. It is a mistake to allow ties to hang exposed when not in use; they should be smoothed out, folded and laid away in a drawer out of the dust. Like clothes, they should be pressed occasionally through a damp cloth. Gloves, also, when taken off and put away should be smoothed out and not left in wrinkles and folds. This is particularly true of white gloves, which in dancing are likely to absorb sufficient moisture from the hands to stiffen the kid.

Boots and shoes when not in use should be kept on trees, which cost only a dollar at any of the shops; they are a great economy, for they prevent the leather from creasing or cracking and the shoes from getting out of shape. Before putting boots away they should be rubbed with a cloth to take off the dust and then kept covered. I have seen little bags, made something like the ordinary skate bag, with a draw string, which are good for keeping boots free from dust.

These daily attentions to one's wardrobe, although seemingly full of detail, require little time, and they are of the utmost benefit. If a man gets into the habit of taking care of his things, instead of throwing them around and leaving them to the tender mercies of the housemaid, he will soon, almost unconsciously, become methodical in doing it, and save himself much trouble and annoyance. Besides the daily care, once in the course of every two or three weeks it is well to give one's wardrobe a thorough and critical examination, with a view to discovering not only whether buttons need tightening, loops need replacing, heels on boots relifting or small spots removing, but also what collars, ties, gloves, shirts, etc., would better be dismissed entirely or called from the reserve ranks into regular service.

For the man who cannot afford a large wardrobe, this idea of keeping a reserve force, or, as I think I remember having called it, a gilded militia to be called out upon emergencies and for dress parade, distinct from the regular service, is an extremely good one. Always keep one or two suits, a pair or two of fresh gloves, some pretty shirts, ties, etc., in perfect condition, ready to be worn, and then when you want them in a hurry, as, for instance, to go out of town upon short notice, you will not find that your trousers need pressing, that your white ties are mussed, that a button is lacking on your waistcoat, or that you need something which you have not. Many men who cannot afford large wardrobes make the mistake of not following this rule, and thereby either cause themselves much vexation and annoyance, or they do not appear carefully and properly dressed. If a man has enough money to keep a large stock of apparel, and a valet to care for it, he need not have misgivings as to his looks at any time; but the man who does not own either of these desirable possessions, would do much better to use his older and more worn things upon occasions when his looks do not so much matter, and keep his newer and prettier things for the strictly social side of life, when they do count. In other words, for him it is better policy to be very well dressed

at times, and not so well dressed at others, than to take the middle course and be neither one nor the other at any time.

An Australian Opinion of Marie Corelli.

A recent number of the Melbourne (Australia) Hooker contained the following verses:

Amid the cloudy region dense
Of nonsense where her talents lie,
She has her gleams of common sense—
And so have I.

And when those fitting gleams are gone,
She never hesitates—not she;
But twaddles amiably on—
The same with me.

She loathes the sneering critic crew:
It simply sets her soul aflame
To have her faults exposed to view—
I feel the same.

On Love, Religion, Truth, and Right,
She preaches holy things and right;
She doesn't understand them, quite—
No more do I.

We scarce can call her writing good,
What's goodness but an empty name?
She's boom'd herself; and if I could,
I'd do the same.

A fig for genius, truth, or style!
A nobler fish is here to fry:
She merely yearns to make a pile—
Ah! so do I.

To which the "Outlook" adds the following verse of its own:

'Tis sad that Melbourne bosoms stir
For Marie thus;
But possibly they're tired of her—
The same as us.

Never Too Late

To Try a Good Thing.

I am fifty-two years old, and for forty years of that time I have been a chronic catarrh sufferer, says Mr. James Giesling of Allegheny City; with every change of weather my head and throat would be stuffed up with catarrh.

I could not breathe naturally through the nostrils for months together, and much of the time I suffered from catarrh of the stomach. Finally my hearing began to fail, and I realized something must be done.

I tried inhalers and sprays and salves, which gave me temporary relief, and my physician advised me to spray or douche with Peroxide of Hydrogen. But the catarrh would speedily return in a few days, and I became thoroughly discouraged.

I had always been prejudiced against patent medicines, but as everything else had failed, I felt justified in at least making a trial.

Our good old family physician, Dr. Ramsdell, laughed at me a little, but said if I was determined to try patent medicines he would advise me to begin with Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, because he knew what they contained, and he had heard of several remarkable cures resulting from their use; furthermore, that they were perfectly safe, containing no cocaine or opiates.

The next day I bought a fifty-cent box at a drug store, carried it in my pocket, and four or five times a day I would take a tablet; in less than a week I felt a marked improvement, which continued, until at this time I am entirely free from any trace of catarrh.

My head is clear, my throat free from irritation, my hearing is as good as it ever was, and I feel that I cannot say enough in praise of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets.

These tablets contain extract of Eucalyptus bark, Gualacol, blood root and other valuable antiseptics, combined in pleasant tablet form, and it is safe to say that Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are far superior in convenience, safety and effectiveness to the antiquated treatment by inhalers, sprays and douches.

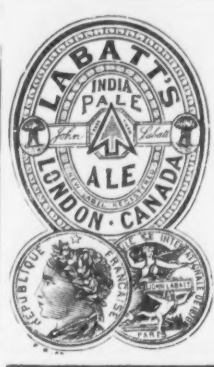
They are sold by druggists everywhere in the United States and Canada.

Western Hospitality.

Mr. Frank Lincoln, the cheery Yankee humorist, tells a capital story of the compulsory hospitality he once received in one of the Western States. Arriving on a bitterly cold winter day, he was met at the station by a grave, long-visaged Scotch deacon. "You'll have to bide wi' me," said the deacon. "Pray allow me to stop at the hotel," replied Mr. Lincoln, knowing by experience the discomforts of being "entertained." "No! A' the lecturers bide wi' me. You're the fourth. The bailiff cam' down on the first one for the door siller. The second one drank—we'll hae nae drinkin' here! The third one was nae speakin' to a stranger, a young leddy, on the cars. Noo you look at right, but we're no to take any risks. You'll bide wi' me, and I can keep an eye on ye."

After the performance at night Mr. Lincoln was very tired and longed for rest. But the deacon's wife approached him with a chilly smile. "Oh, Mr. Lincoln, it was too cold for our little Bobbie to go to your entertainment to-night. But he has been looking forward to the funny man for weeks! If I got him out of bed and held him over the banisters, would you mind going into the hall and making a few faces?" So Bobbie was roused and held over the banisters. Mr. Lincoln, in the icy cold hail below, made the most horrible face he could, and little Bobbie was borne away howling with fear and horror. There was no hint of supper, but after the deacon's wife had retired the old Scot said: "Will you hae a glass o' elder?" Mr. Lincoln hates elder. There was a long silence. "Will you try a cup o' butter-milk?" Mr. Lincoln detests butter-milk. Another silence. Then the deacon "tiptoe" to the door, listened, and shut it softly. "Whist! Do you ever tak' a nip?" Mr. Lincoln grasped him by the hand. The deacon stealthily unlocked a cupboard and brought out a flask, giving his guest a stiff peg, yet a very wee drapple indeed compared to his own allowance.

On the following day, when the humorist said "Good-bye," the deacon presented him, at the last minute, with a good-sized bottle of the secreted whisky. "I'll drink your health at twelve o'clock," said Mr. Lincoln. Then he hastily thrust the bottle into his valise and jumped on to the train. Exactly at twelve o'clock, to the great interest of a couple of commercial travelers, Mr. Lincoln opened his valise to get out the good old Scotchman's



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whisky. Whew! In one second everybody guessed what had happened. The bottle was smashed into a dozen pieces, and the contents of the bag were saturated. Mr. Lincoln was quite composed. "Take a necktie with me!" he remarked, drawing one forth that was full of whisky, "have a collar—will you try a shoe?" And so on, until even the disappointed commercial travelers saw the joke.

Atlantic Transport Line?

This very favorite line between New York and London have placed in commission, in addition to their regular fleet, two new twin-screw 14,000 ton steamers, the Minneapolis and Minnehaha, which are to make the trip between New York and London in eight days.

These steamers are built by the celebrated firm of Harland & Wolfe of Belfast, Ireland, and are of the very latest and best type; no pains have been spared in their construction. Two additional steamers of the same tonnage and class are now on the stocks of the same company of builders for the line. Winter rates come into force on the first day of August, when those who contemplate a quiet trip to England can avail themselves of the cheap rate by this favorite line.

All information may be obtained by communicating with or calling upon the company's Canadian passenger agent, Capt. R. M. Melville, opposite the General Postoffice, Adelaide street east, Toronto.



THE LATE LACHLAN MCKELLAR.

Mr. McKellar, who died suddenly on Dec. 15th, at his home, 31 Wellesley street, was very popular with a large circle of friends. He was but in his 40th year, but had achieved considerable success in commerce and was prominent in the work of several friendly societies. The funeral took place on Dec. 15th to Prospect cemetery.

John Chinaman and the Bibles.

Some time ago there was a big demand for cheap Bibles from China, and one ship took out nearly 100,000 books.

The remarkable number of new

Antiquity of Bedbugs and Cockroaches.

In the very oldest fossil-bearing rocks no insects are found, says the London "Spectator." The very oldest fossil is a kind of polyp, making reefs of limestone, when as yet the insects had not appeared, and it "fourished" in Canada. The first insect known to have existed, a creature of such vast antiquity that it deserves all the respect which the parvenu man can summon and offer to it, was a cockroach. This, the father of all black-beetles, probably walked the earth in solitary magnificence when not only kitchens, but even kitchen middens were undreamed of, possibly millions of years before Neolithic man had even a back cave to offer with the remains of last night's supper for the cockroach of the period to enjoy. His discovery established the fact that in the Silurian period there were insects, though, as the only piece of his remains found was a wing, there has been room for dispute as to the exact species. Mr. Goss in his preface to the second edition of his book notes that what is probably a still older insect has been found in the lower Silurian in Sweden. This was not a cockroach, but apparently something worse—the bedbug.

Bartender—That whisky was seven years in wood. Customer (after regaining his breath)—And there wasn't a fire?—Town Topics.

"So he has at last led her to the altar?" "I don't know whether he led her or she pushed him."

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Music.

I CANNOT speak very enthusiastically about Messrs. Cameron and Teilmann's so-called military cantata, Leo, the Royal Cadet, which was produced at the Massey Hall on Thursday night of last week. The author of the book shows a gift of zibb versification, but so far as this work is concerned no talent for constructing a story of interest. The humor, moreover, is of a very mild kind, and would probably be appreciated by Sunday school children. Of the music, it may be said that it runs easily, and is of a light and tuneful character, but it gives one the impression of having heard it all before, or something very like it. The piece was prettily costumed and staged, and the principals sang very pleasingly, the ladies showing to the greatest advantage in this respect. Miss Jardine Thompson and Mrs. Emerson Reid, in fact, made successful evocations of enthusiastic applause. The "cantata" was repeated on Friday evening and Saturday matinee, but before very small audiences. Some local interest attaches to the production from the fact that the scene of three of the acts is laid in Kingston, within the environment of the Royal Military College. The composer has made a promising attempt, and with a more live book and smarter dialogue he should accomplish greater things.

Gabrilowitsch, the Russian solo pianist, and Harold Bauer, another foreign pianist, have been among the brilliant successes of the New York season. The former is praised for the extreme delicacy of his touch, and the latter for power and passion. Gabrilowitsch had, it seems, great trouble in getting local accommodation on his arrival in New York. Speaking of his experience in this respect, he says: "I tried half a dozen hotels before settling down. The clerk in each case put the same question: 'Ah, musician, eh? How long do you practice?' 'All day and all night,' I replied. 'Awfully sorry, but all the rooms are engaged.'"

Slivinski, the great Polish pianist, will probably come here with the Leipzig Philharmonic Orchestra in the spring. The idea of the organization will no doubt arouse a local deal of interest and curiosity in local musical circles.

The long and faithful services of Mr. W. R. Short as secretary of the Metropolitan Church choir were recognized in a very pleasant manner on Saturday evening last, when a number of the past and present members of the choir waited upon him at his residence and presented him with an address and a handsome gold chain and locket. Mr. T. G. Mason made the presentation, on behalf of the choir and the musical committee of the church. I quote a couple of paragraphs from the address which will show in what estimation the services of Mr. Short have been held: "To-night we meet to express our regret at losing the invaluable services of one who for twenty years has given of his best to our choir, and we feel sure that our barren words will be understood by you as conveying a very real regret at our loss, and heartfelt congratulations that such a happy gain to yourself was the occasion of your leaving us. In our experience we have ever found in you the unflinching tact and courtesy of the gentleman, the kindness and consideration of the man of refined feeling, the devotion to duty of the enthusiast, the energy and capacity for affairs of the man of business, and the disposition to observe the golden rule characteristic of the true Christian. . . . While it is true that the character and standing of a choir depend in the first place on the choir leader, no one will be readier to admit than Mr. Torrington how much may be done for a choir by an active secretary who is in touch with the church membership and the official life of the church, and he will agree with us when we say that the choir has owed no small part of its past success to your active exertions on its behalf." Mrs. Torrington, who was present, on behalf of Mr. Torrington and herself paid a deserved tribute to the important help Mr. Short had given in popularizing oratorio in Toronto. Mr. Torrington had, in fact, found his co-operation invaluable.

Miss Emma Zoellner, a talented pupil of Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, is the latest addition to the teaching staff of the Junction College of Music. At a concert given by the High School of that place on December 20 Miss Zoellner made a decided hit by her playing of numbers by Schuetz and Sinding, to both of which an encore was demanded. Miss Zoellner's playing is characterized by a splendid rich singing tone, fine phrasing, good rhythms and great crispness in staccato work, and she is sure to be heard from at a later date, being one of the most promising of Mr. Tripp's many brilliant pupils.

Mr. F. Arthur Oliver, of the Metropolitan School of Music staff, has been appointed organist and choirmaster of Westminster Presbyterian Church, Bloor street east, and on the opening of the New Year will take up his duties in that connection.

Mr. W. Spencer Jones, the well-known concert director, has arranged the Canadian dates for the New York Ladies' Trio and Lillian Carlsmith, prima donna contralto. They appear at Her Majesty's Theater, Montreal, 6th and 7th of January, Pembroke on the 8th, Kingston on the 9th, Peterborough on the 10th, Cobourg on the 11th and Massey Hall, Toronto, on the 12th. The trio comprises Marguerite Stillwell, the American solo pianist; Emma Boerl, violinist, of Dresden, and Rosa Boerl, violoncellist, soloist with the great European orchestras. Mr. Jones will also take the Boston Ladies' Symphony Orchestra through Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario in February, and in addition is running a big concert course in Ottawa.

The Executive Committee of the Mendelssohn Choir announce in connection with their approaching concert that the entire section of seats

allotted for subscribers at \$1.50 has been subscribed for, and that no further subscription at that price will be received. It has been decided not to increase the \$1.50 section, as any such increase would encroach upon the section allotted for subscribers at \$1 and would give an advantage to later subscribers at the larger sum over those on the first ballot at \$1 per seat. There are still some good seats available at \$1, and subscription lists for these can be seen at Nordheimer's, Whaley & Royce's, and Ashdown's music stores.

The committee of the Male Chorus Club have engaged Mile. Aus der Ohe, the solo pianist, for their forthcoming concert, to replace Miss Clara Butt, who has been compelled by indisposition to cancel her American engagements.

The musician who has high ideals and loves what is best in his art, occupies an isolated position in the world, according to Mr. N. J. Corey, who writes an interesting article on the subject in the Philadelphia "Musician." "The unfortunate man," Mr. Corey says, "observes that the best recitals are but meagrely attended, while the vaudeville vulgarities are packed to the doors. He feels more and more like crawling into his shell, and at the same time the necessities of existence compel him to emerge more and more into open activity. But the real art that he loves he is forced to leave behind him. Nearly all that he does for the public must be in the form of a compromise, and sometimes he is driven to a debasement of his best convictions. Even the most famous of the exponents of the pianistic art that are brought here every year from abroad find themselves in the same dilemma. There is no end to the criticism from musicians and critics because of the everlasting playing of the same programmes by these artists year after year. There is rarely anything new on their programmes, only the same round of conventional and familiar compositions every season. But the artists say that if they perform new compositions, although satisfactory to the few musicians in the audience, as far as the general public is concerned, of which the bulk of their audiences is composed, their programmes fall perfectly flat. The public comprehends only the familiar, and hence artists do not dare to play unfamiliar works except to a very limited extent." The foregoing is unfortunately true, and applies with special force to this city, where musicians are condemned to hear at the best piano concerts an eternal round of Hungarian Rhapsodies and the small forms of Chopin. Occasionally an artist may play a Beethoven sonata, but even then he does not venture to step outside of the small list of which the Moonlight, the Appassionata and the Waldstein are the most brilliant examples.

The many friends of Miss Mabel Hicks of Parkdale will be pleased to hear that she is making rapid progress in her pianoforte studies under Mark Hambourg, the famous Russian pianist and teacher, in London. Herr Hambourg considers her one of his most promising pupils. Miss Hicks is also studying composition under Mr. Clarence Lucas, who is favorably impressed with her talent in this line of work.

In noticing the concert on the 18th in the Norfolk street Methodist church, Guelph, the "Mercury" and

"Herald" say: "Mrs. Mima Lund-Reburn of Toronto made her first appearance before a Guelph audience in last night's programme. Her voice is a rich contralto, with which she combines a force of dramatic expression well calculated to thrill and enthrall all who hear her. Her best selection was Lidel's Abbie With Me. The dramatic appeal embodied in this number was an effort only possible to an artist whose very soul was in the music and words she sang."

Leo, the Royal Cadet, will be repeated on January 5, afternoon and evening, at popular prices. The matinee will be specially for children, and the admission will be ten cents, with five cents extra for reserving seats. In the evening the prices will be reserved seats 25 cents, rush seats 10 cents.

The Toronto Conservatory of Music reopens after the Christmas vacation on Wednesday, January 2, when a large number of new students have made arrangements to commence their studies.

Miss M. G. Ferguson, registrar at the Toronto Conservatory of Music and organist of Westminster Presbyterian Church, has resigned from the latter position and will be succeeded early in January by Mr. Arthur Oliver, a pupil of Mr. A. S. Vogt. Mr. Oliver is at present organist of the Wesley Methodist Church, Dundas street.

Mrs. Adamson has had the enterprise to engage Herr Dohnanyi as solo pianist for her annual orchestral concert in February. Bravo! Mrs. Adamson. The great pianist made so profound an impression here a short time ago that one may hope that Mrs. Adamson will be amply rewarded by liberal patronage for her public-spirited undertaking.

CHERUBINO.

Merchant—What do you mean by using such language? Are you the boss here, or am I the boss? Clerk—I know I'm not the boss, Merchant. Then if you are not the boss, why do you talk like a fool?—"Pick-me-up."

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"At this, the beginning of not only a new year, but a new century as well, it is meet that I form certain resolutions. I shall not smoke, chew, drink nor lose my temper and cuss."



"Ah! a bill of the presents Maria purchased at Christmas time."



"Blankity! Blankity!! Space!!!"



And thus ended Mr. Boggs' twenty-third annual swear-off.

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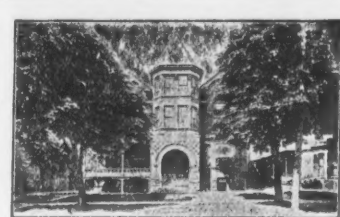
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Social and Personal.

The marriage of Miss Bessie Newman, daughter of Prof. A. H. Newman, of McMaster University, to Mr. Frederick Eby took place on Wednesday evening at the bride's home, Yorkville avenue. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Charles Eaton, assisted by Rev. Elmore Harris and Chancellor Wallace. The bride was very charming in a gown of duchesse satin, with veil of tulle fastened with orange blossoms. Miss Eby, sister of the groom, was bridesmaid, and Mr. G. Herbert Clarke of Chicago was best man. The happy couple leave immediately for Waco, Texas, where Mr. Eby holds the important position of professor in psychology and pedagogy in Baylor University. An interesting feature in connection with the marriage was the fact that the bride couple, the bridesmaid and best man, the officiating clergymen, the father of the bride, as well as her two brothers, who acted as ushers, are all connected with McMaster University, either as alumni or in some official capacity.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Manning, Peterboro', spent the Christmas holidays in the city.

It is announced that Miss Alberta C. Huyck of Frankford will be married to Dr. H. H. Alger of Stirling on January 1.

Mr. Arthur Meredith (Platt) a Toronto boy, who is on the stage, has returned to this city after an absence of one year and a half. He is now taking a well-earned rest with his parents at 52 Howland avenue.

Miss Edna Sutherland has just returned from a very successful elocutionary tour in New England, having appeared in Boston, Providence and other large centers.

Miss Lois Winlow, the concert solo "cellist," who has just returned from Berlin, Germany, where she studied for some years as a pupil of Anton Hekking, brings with her the most flattering press notices. Mr. Royal S. Smith, organist and choirmaster of Westminster Church, New York, writes: "Everyone present was charmed with her two selections, which were played with great expression, and the impressive silence during their rendering showed that she held her audience to the end. For the spiritually thoughtful her playing was an inspiration." It is easy to predict for her complete success in winning the favor of Canadian audiences.

Three teas are on for this afternoon. Mrs. Gooderham of Waverley gives one. Mrs. James Mason of Queen's Park another, and I hear that Mrs. Dwight of St. George street has also sent out cards for a third.



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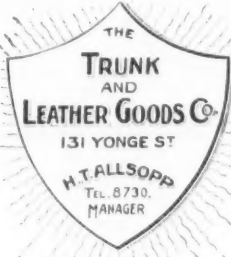
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It means something that an artist like Friedheim should say: "Your piano gave me complete satisfaction. I had no idea so good a piano was manufactured in Canada." So with a singer like Albani, who uses these words: "Your piano excels any piano I have ever used."

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- Boys' Tuxedo Suits, sizes 33 to 45, 15.00.
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- Boys' Thick Warm Reefers, big collars, 2.50 to 3.50.
- Boys' Vestee Suits, for ages 1 to 10, 2.50 to 3.50.
- Boys' Three Piece Suits, for ages 10 to 17, 3.00 to 8.50.
- Men's Fine Trousers, 2.50 to 5.00.

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Social and Personal.

Mrs. Thomas Dunnet of Huntley street gave a pleasant At Home last Thursday afternoon, December 20, for the debut of her niece, Miss Ashley Dunnet, when in honor of the approaching season her pretty house was decorated with quantities of evergreen, holly and mistletoe. Mrs. Dunnet wore a becoming costume of pearl gray satin, trimmed with lace. Miss Ashley Dunnet's gown was of cerise mouseline de soie, over silk. Mrs. Sheridan and Mrs. Robert S. Wilson assisted the hostess, and in the tea-room Mrs. George Gray presided, and Miss Fuller, Miss Lovell, Miss Mace and Miss Collins waited upon the guests. The table was very pretty. A silver candelabrum, with crimson shades, stood in the center on a mass of crimson tulle, and red and white carnations further carried out the patriotic color scheme. A few of the guests were Mrs. George W. Ross, Miss Ross, Mrs. Winnett, Mrs. W. F. Maclean, Mrs. Fenton, Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. Dineen, Mrs. Colin Johnson, Mrs. E. E. Sheppard, Mrs. Kent.

Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Jones and their family have removed to Mrs. Lawlor's, Queen's Park. Miss Justina Harrison is visiting in Barrie. Mrs. Lett of Collingwood is the guest of Mrs. Spragge. Mr. George Ince spent Christmas with his family in town,

and returned to Collingwood on Wednesday. Miss Birdie Warren went to Buffalo on Wednesday to visit Miss Sizar. Miss Elizabeth Plummer of Stratford, a lovely maiden, is visiting Mrs. Campbell, in Avenue road.

Announcements of the marriage of Rev. Donald Bruce Macdonald and Miss Theresa Kate Parfitt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albion Parfitt of London, which took place on Wednesday at St. George's Church, Montreal, have been received by Toronto friends. Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Macdonald of Cona Lodge went down to their son's marriage, the ceremony having been arranged to take place in Montreal, in order that Dr. Parfitt, the brother of the bride, who is now convalescing at Saranac Lake, in the Adirondacks, might be able to attend the marriage. Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald will be at Home at Chestnut Park on Thursdays after January 17. I hear a reception in their honor is on the tapis at Cona Lodge.

Beneath a canopy of beautiful flowers and plants in the drawing-room of the bride's home, in Simcoe street, Woodstock, Miss Clara L. Scarff, eldest daughter of Mayor James S. Scarff, was on Christmas afternoon married to Mr. J. Hamilton Thompson of Winnipeg. The drawing-room was very handsomely

decorated with white flowers and smilax. The bride's wedding dress was of crepe de chene over white taffeta silk. She had white roses and maiden hair ferns for her bouquet. The bridesmaid was Miss Lou Karm, who wore white silk, and carried a bouquet of pink carnations. Mr. Harvey W. Scarff, brother of the bride, acted as best man and Mayor Scarff gave away the bride. Rev. S. Sellery performed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson left on the 5.25 train for New York, carrying with them many good wishes, bouquets and large quantities of rice, which their friends on the platform showered upon them. They go to New York, then to Montreal, Belleville, Bowmanville, Woodstock and Chicago on the way to their home in Winnipeg. The bride received a great many lovely presents. She is a very popular young lady, and her friends in Woodstock, though wishing her all possible joys, are sorry to lose her.

At St. Michael's Hospital there passed away on Thursday, December 20, Mrs. Anna Porter, widow of the late John T. Porter, of Orillia, and daughter of Mr. John English of Parkdale. The deceased was born in Brockville in 1857, married in June, 1877, and resided in Orillia ever since till the time of her death. Her husband predeceased her by eleven years.

Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey E. Bydwell are settled in their new home, 52 Admiral road, where Mrs. Bydwell will hold her first reception since her marriage, on Thursday and Friday, January 3 and 4; also on Friday evening, the 4th, and will in the future be at Home to her friends on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra of Yeaton Hall are giving a dance for their daughter's young friends on January 15. Miss Phyllis Lawlor is giving a young folks' dance on January 7. The Misses Ball of Queen's Park are giving a tea next week. Miss Helen Armstrong entertained Miss Dunsmuir, her hostess, Miss Grace Peters and Miss Ward of Victoria at luncheon on Wednesday at her home in Wilcox street. Mr. Mrs. and Miss Ward returned to the West Coast this week.

Dr. Theo. Coleman has received a fine professional appointment in the mining district of New Ontario, and he and Mrs. Coleman and their son and daughter will reside there after the New Year. Mrs. Coleman will continue her splendid literary work, much to the satisfaction of her readers.

Mr. and Mrs. Colin McCuaig of Montreal are visiting Dr. and Mrs. Philip Strath. Mr. and Mrs. Allen Aylesworth spent Christmas with Mrs. Aylesworth's mother. Mr. Frank O'Hara, private secretary of the Minister of Trade and Commerce, Ottawa, spent Christmas in Chatham with his mother. Mr. Harry O'Brien of Ottawa is down on a Christmas visit to his people at Dromoland. Mr. Clarence Burritt is visiting his people in Wellesley street. Miss Edith Macdonald of Dunville is visiting Miss Winnie Rose. Mrs. Bert Winans (nee Tilley) is visiting her aunt, Miss Tilley. Mr. and Mrs. Willie Galbraith are spending the winter at the Arlington.

Mrs. W. C. Matthews and her daughters, three unusually bright and brainy women, are traveling in Italy, and send us a very interesting account of their sojourn in Rome.

Miss Maud Brick of 308 Carlton street and Mr. John G. McKinnon of Troy, O., are to be married here on New Year's day. The ceremony will be performed at the bride's residence.

Miss Wallbridge is giving a progressive euchre next week at her home, in Madison avenue, which is looked forward to by her friends, and which is not, I hear, to be the only pleasant hospitality given by her this season.

Mr. and Mrs. Montague Adamson of Rosedale went to London to spend Christmas week with the De Courcy O'Grady's. Captain Akar Adamson has arrived in England from South Africa, where Mrs. Adamson and her mother, Mrs. John Cawthra, have been for some time.

Doctor and Mrs. Price-Brown left last week for Asheville, North Carolina. They expect to spend the winter in the South, and will not return to the city before March or April.

Mrs. Frederick Webb has returned to Inglewood after a very pleasant visit in Belleville with the Rev. Albert and Mrs. Geen, at Moody Cottage, and Canon and Mrs. Burke at the Rectory. Mrs. Webb also visited in Brighton and Colborne.

Mr. W. F. Hansford left on Thursday last for California, where he intends remaining until the spring.

Miss Grace Beck, Iola, Southern Kansas, and Miss Lulu Risdon, St. Thomas, are the guests of the Misses Fulton, 327 Church street. Miss Tessie O'Neill of the Toronto College of Music is visiting friends in Orangeville. Mr. W. Y. Archibald left on Wednesday, December 19, for Cleveland, Chicago, New York and Boston, returning to Toronto January 10 to resume his classes.

Saturday, January 5, will be Studio Day for January, and the artists whose names are given below will open their studios to visitors in the afternoon, after two o'clock. Everyone interested in art should take advantage of this opportunity so kindly given of viewing the work of local artists. F. M. Bell-Smith, 336 Jarvis street; E. Wylie Grier, Imperial Bank Building; Miss Hemming, 582 Church street; F. McG. Knowles, Confederation Life Building; Mrs. Dignam, 284 St. George street; O. F. Staples, 7 Maitland place; Miss G. E. Spurr, Room 18, 15 Toronto street; C. M. Manly, York Chambers, 15 Toronto street; Miss Windeat, 46 Cecil street; R. F. Gagen, 90 Yonge street; Miss Laura Muntz, Yonge Street Arcade; F. S. Challenger, 43 Adelaide street east; Miss E. May Martin, 110 Crescent road; Thomas Mowbray, 126 Church street.

A Splendid Souvenir Number.

THOSE who take the pains to sit down and reckon the disadvantages under which Canadian publishers labor when getting out holiday numbers, cannot but doubly appreciate the enterprise which has been shown. A Canadian Christmas number of which 50,000 can be sold is exceedingly fortunate, yet the illustrated numbers which come from England and France often have from a half a million to a million copies sold every year. This at least was true some years ago, though the barren uniformity of the numbers of recent date has much lessened the circulation of these papers. They are prepared in cities where there is an artistic and literary atmosphere which provides material which cannot be had in Toronto; yet, comparing the leading Canadian editions with those of the literary centers of the world, one cannot but be struck with the very great disproportion of excellence, considering the opportunities. Canadian numbers in some respects quite outdo the English holiday papers, and without doubt it is the generosity of the advertiser which has made this possible.

Speaking of a number issuing from a much smaller place than Toronto,

and with a very much more limited field, one cannot pass over the splendid souvenir number of the Cornwall "Freeholder," containing more than 100 pages of well selected literary matter and local historical sketches which will be prized by every reader in the locality where it is issued. The descriptive work and the photographs which accompany the reading matter, together make an interesting suggestion of early settlement and the growth and prosperity which have come with the years since Cornwall was a village. Even the large and well-known Christmas numbers do not compare with the Cornwall "Freeholder" souvenir as an historical sketch of the thrifty neighborhood in which it is issued. Mr. C. W. Young, the proprietor of the "Freeholder," is to be congratulated on the success of an enterprise which few publishers with so limited a field would dare attempt.

A Rat Showed Him a Mine.

The action of a rat led N. R. Ingoldby to the discovery of a rich gold mine in Arizona, says the "Mexican Herald." He named the property the Rat Hole mine.

Mr. Ingoldby had been spending several months near Mammoth, on the

San Pedro River, in Arizona. His purpose was to enjoy the hunting and make a collection of the animals and minerals of the Southwest. He pitched his tent in the canyon of the San Pedro, in the Santa Catarina Mountains. He had no neighbors, and was for a long time unable to account for the disappearance of small articles that he left lying about his camp. At last he noticed that when anything was taken something was left in its place. This was usually a bit of stone or wood. The culprit he found to be a large rodent of the species known as the trading rat. The habits of the animal made an interesting study for Mr. Ingoldby, and he often lay awake at night to watch for his visitor.

A silver spoon was missing one morning and in its place was a piece of quartz carrying free gold. This still more excited Mr. Ingoldby's curiosity, and after several attempts he succeeded in following the animal to its home. Near by was the ledge from which the gold bearing quartz had been taken. Mr. Ingoldby made an examination thorough enough to prove that his discovery was of considerable value.

J. W. Geddes of 427 Spadina avenue has some pretty novelties in photo frames and other framing goods.

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The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

Fawcett—Dec. 24th, Mrs. W. J. Fawcett, a daughter.
Cunningham—Dec. 25th, Mrs. W. C. Cunningham, a daughter.
Johnston—Dec. 16th, Mrs. Geo. W. Johnston (Calgary), a daughter.
Shackley—Dec. 26th, Mrs. G. F. Sharkey, a daughter.

Marriages.

Cox—Heming—Dec. 22nd, Theo. F. Cox to Edith A. Heming.
Livingston—Dec. 26th, John Melville Livingston to Alice Jessie Welsman.
Macdonald—Parfitt—Dec. 26th, Rev. Macdonald—Bruce Macdonald to Theresa Kate Parfitt.
Senkler—Mackay—Dec. 19th, William Ivan Senkler to Lella Mackay.
Carr—Lawton—Nov. 21st, George Carr to Sarah Ann Lawton.
Biscoe—Monk—Dec. 24th, Frederick Vincent Biscoe to Ethelind Jessie Monk.
Hall—Gibson—Dec. 21st, Henry Edwin Hall to Lela Janet Gibson.

Deaths.

Porter—At St. Michael's Hospital, on Thursday, Dec. 20, Mrs. Anna Porter, relict of the late J. T. Porter, and daughter of Mr. John English, Tyndall avenue, city, after operation for tumor.
Poole—Dec. 24th, Charles Poole, in his 61st year.
Ryan—Dec. 21st, Ester Lee Ryan, in her 70th year.
Maber—Jesse Maber, in his 89th year.
Bambridge—Dec. 25th, George Franklin (Frank) Bambridge, in his 42nd year.
Davis—Dec. 25th, Elizabeth Davis, in her 89th year.
Bruce—Dec. 25th, Martha Bruce, in her 58th year.
Taylor—Dec. 24th, Fordham Willmott Taylor, in his 62nd year.
Savage—Dec. 26th, George Savage.
Lorimer—Dec. 25th, Ruth Haines Lorimer, in her 76th year.
Lyons—Dec. 25th, Henry E. Lyons, aged 49.
Frame—Dec. 24th, William John Frame, in his 62nd year.
Hill—Dec. 24th, Elizabeth Alberta Hill.
Dane—John A. Dane, aged 39.
Kittson—Dec. 24th, Thos. Crowther Kittson, aged 76.
Pugsley—Dec. 23rd, Alfred Pugsley.
Price—Dec. 21st, Margaret Price, aged 34 years 5 months.
Sproule—Dec. 22nd, John H. Sproule, in his 59th year.
Sissons—Dec. 22nd, Margaret Ann Sissons, in her 29th year.

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